

SPY

The Men Who Defend

THE MOB

GOLDDIGGERS
of 1987

How Reviews Wreck
RESTAURANTS

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STEINBRENNER
Now!





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OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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THE COVER Hank Rosenfeld and Nick Apollo Forte photographed by Chris Collis. Nick's clothes: Early Halloween. Nick's shoes: Mario Valentino. Pinkie ring: Maria Buck. Hank's suit: Polo for Barneys New York. Hank's shirt and tie: Barneys New York. Hank's shoes: FDR for Men. Briefcase: T. Anthony. Groomer: Anthony McAulay. Stylist: Ellen Silverstein.



1987



Carbonell



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E. Graydon Carter Kurt Andersen
EDITORS

Thomas L. Phillips Jr.
PUBLISHER

Steven Schragis
PUBLISHING DIRECTOR



Susan Morrison George Kalogerakis
DEPUTY EDITORS

Alexander Isley
ART DIRECTOR

Joanne Gruber
COPY CHIEF

Tad Friend Jamie Malanowski
Nell Scovell Lynn Snowden
STAFF WRITERS

Sonda Andersson
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

Catherine Gilmore-Barnes
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

Amy Stark
PICTURE EDITOR

Rachel Urquhart Joseph Matrianni
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Lisa Lampugnale (Chief)
Amelia Felix Emily Eldridge
RESEARCHERS

Natasha Lessnik Carrie Johnson
ART ASSISTANTS

Suzanne Gerber Meredith Davis
COPY EDITORS

Eric Kaplan™
CUB REPORTER-AT-LARGE



Jack Barth, Michèle Bennett, Roy Blount Jr.,
Holly Brubach, Celeste de Brunhoff,
Chris Callis, David Dircks, David Doty,
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Luc Sante, Rodrigo Shopis, Paul Slansky,
Michael Sorkin, Richard Stengel, Taki,
James Traub, Nicholas von Hoffman, Ellis Weiner
and Edward Zuckerman, among others
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS



Anne Kreamer
ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER

Constance Drayton Caldwell Davis
Holly Barnett
ADVERTISING SALES REPRESENTATIVES

Lisa Auslander
CIRCULATION MANAGER

Adam Dolgins
PROMOTION MANAGER

Candace Meighan
ACCOUNTING MANAGER

Liz Tuccillo Hank Rosenfeld
PUBLISHING ASSISTANTS

Marissa Rothkopf Tajlei Levis
John Baker
INTERNS

Douglas Marolla Michael Lee
MESSENGERS



Drenttel Doyle Partners
DESIGN CONSULTANTS

David Lange
PRODUCTION CONSULTANT





ESPRIT

J E A N S

Is the Wearing of Cutlass & Moore in Violation of Certain Moral Statutes? Or is it Merely a Harmless Self-Indulgence?



fig. 1.

We, the undersigned, understand Messrs. Cutlass and Moore are—even as we write—introducing their new Classic Trophy Sweater (fig. 1), made wholly of the superlatively soft, silkily lustrous, extra-long staple Sea Island Cotton. Further, that wearers of this particular sweater may actually find it so soft, silky, and downright sensuous that

it may raise serious moral issues. For example, should a man stroke his own sweater in public, no matter how delightfully soft, sensual, etcetera it feels? And if—due to its nicely nostalgic, classic cable-knit styling—Man and Sweater become inseparable, is this proper even in a permissive society? We urge you to write to Cutlass & Moore Inc., at 501 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022, or possibly give them a ring at (212) 593-1441, for a list of whoever stocks their Trophy Sweater and 54 other classic, traditional, and resortwear whatchamacallits, and settle the thing for yourself. Thank you.



Committee of Concerned Citizens



IT'S SEPTEMBER. THE PARTY'S OVER. EVERYONE, LISTEN UP: GET BACK TO WORK. THE JAPANESE have been hard at it since Memorial Day, shouting happy slogans, speeding up assembly lines, generally humiliating us.

On the other hand, it has been an unusually instructive summer here at home in front of the Sony. So, as you prepare for the chills of fall, don't forget summer's important lessons. For example, whenever you appear before a congressional committee, *wear a uniform and talk like Dean Jones*. Also, make sure to get *immunity from prosecution*—that way you can safely defend your misdeeds as



the acts of a patriot too cou- to bother with federal laws. Or, if you are running for president, *have your wife confess, out of the blue, to a serious kink*. Kitty Dukakis, the wife of Mike (the governor of Massachusetts) and a would-be first lady, announced that she'd swallowed amphetamines every day for 26 years.

It's September. The party's over.

Imagine, a speed freak in 1987—so very retro, substance-abuse-wise. Kitty says she quit five years ago. We now understand, however, why she was always so notoriously snappish to her poor husband in public. (And you thought Oliver North was batty.) Here in New York, the politicians and

public figures have got it all wrong when it comes to confess- ing sins. Instead, they lie extravagantly. It turns out, for instance, that Bess Myerson—the make-believe prospective first lady



of New York City back when Ed Koch felt obliged to seem heterosexual—is a nut. After a boyfriend somehow displeased her (not the Italian-American convict, another guy), she made abusive, obscene phone calls to him, sent dozens of letters to women friends of his and—best of all—sent abusive letters *to herself*. Talk about a self-reliant woman. (And you



thought Oliver North and Kitty Dukakis were batty.)

As much as we relish the prospect of Koch losing the mayoralty in 1989 and returning to a lonely, Chinese-food-gobbling excuse for a private life, his possible opponents are even more horrific than he. The three contenders, according to the papers, are Andrew Stein, Jay Goldin and Donald Trump—a showboating rich dumbbell, a meanspirited accountant and a casino-operating hustler.

Yet at least it looks to be a down-and-dirty campaign, with all the candidates telling cruel truths about one another. Already Trump has called Koch a “moron” and his aides “jerks.” Koch, for his part, says that Trump is “greedy, greedy, greedy” and “piggy.”

Given that the Iowa Caucuses are just a few months away, Washington politicians, by contrast, are still being way, way too polite. Aides to two presidential candidates, Robert Dole and George Bush, actually had a peace-seeking summit on sexuality. The result was that Dole’s underlings agreed to stop telling everyone that Bush was an adulterer.

Even though Richard Nixon wrote Gary Hart a condolence note, we feel fairly sure he never had sex with anyone but Pat Nixon. And maybe not even, after 1960 or so, with Pat. In the batch of Nixon papers that the National Archives has just released to SPY (and anyone else who cares to look) is one especially illuminating memo, written by the former president to himself on a legal pad on November 28, 1970. He sets out at least two personal and political agendas for the next two years, and they’re enough to make you cry. One list begins: “1. End War.” We swear it does. Another list is even better—gloriously, pathetically Nixonian: “5. Warmth in personal relation [*sic*] with staff and people.” Plus, another Nixon document reveals, he wanted the perky “California, Here I Come” played at his funeral. And the lowest-priority enterprise: “11. Family.” (And you thought Oliver North, Kitty Dukakis and Bess Myerson were batty.)

Lately we’ve started laughing at death. That’s because Oral Roberts, we were thrilled to find out, *can raise people from the dead*. There have been “dozens and dozens” of corpses revived, his son says. The

one instance that sticks particularly in Oral’s memory took place while he was preaching once. It was a miracle, yes, but it sounds like it was pretty damn annoying too. “I had to stop,” he says, “and go back in the crowd and raise the dead person so I could go ahead with the service.” (And you thought Oliver North, Kitty Dukakis, Bess Myerson and Richard Nixon were batty.)

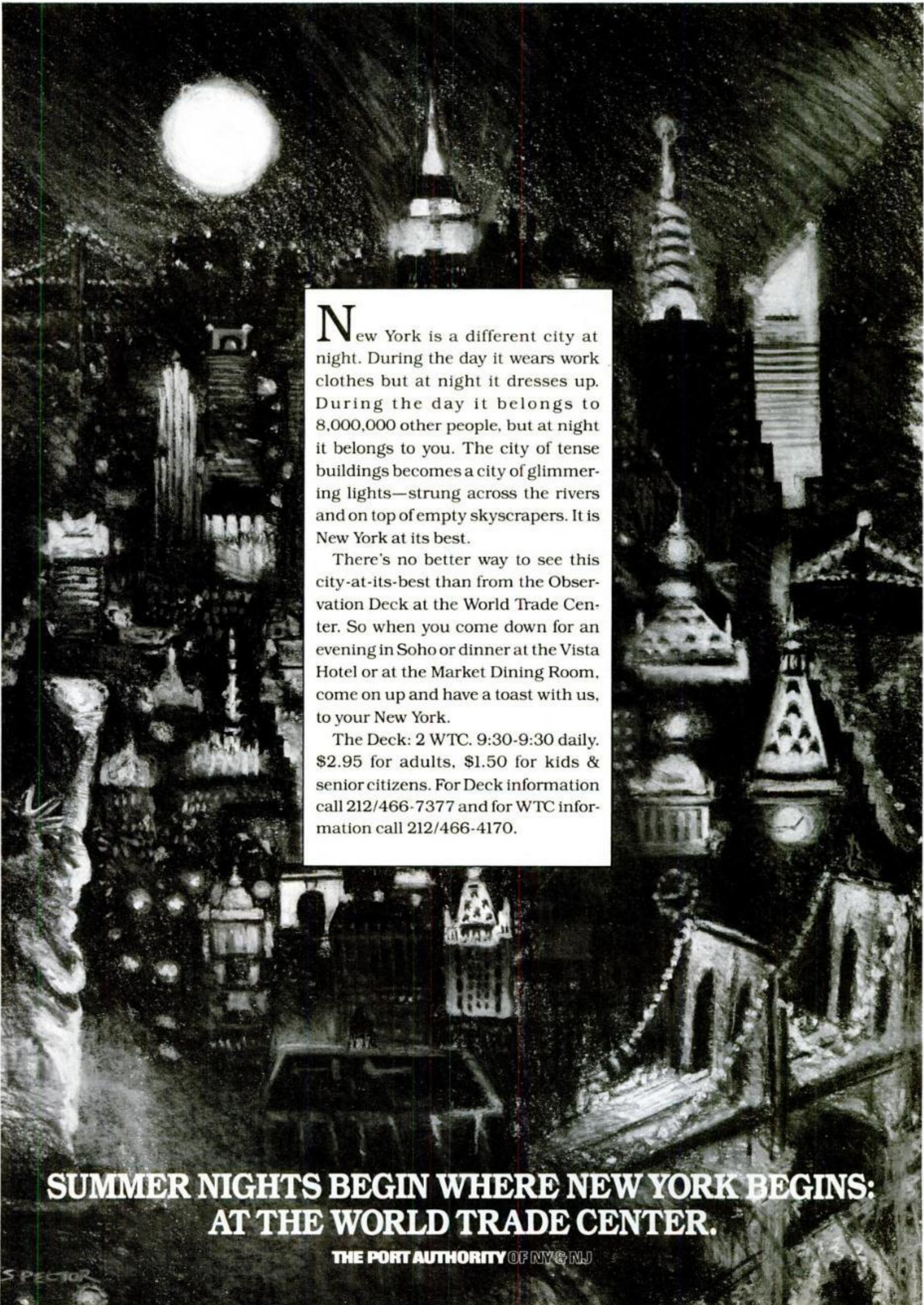
Speaking of blasphemy, Al Neuharth, the go-go chairman of the Gannett Company and creator of *USA Today*, has admitted to putting on the kind of heretical comedy performance that Lenny Bruce used to get arrested for. Neuharth thought that his executives were behaving sluggishly, so he flew them down to a Florida restaurant for a private dinner. When they arrived, Neuharth was already there, standing in front of an enormous wooden cross and wearing a crown of thorns. On the table was Manischewitz and matzo. “I am the crucified one,” Neuharth said. The Last Supper, get it? Neither do we. And you thought Oliver North, Kitty Dukakis, Bess Myerson, Richard Nixon and Oral Roberts were batty. ☹

White and black and smoked all over. A subtle stew. Dinnertime? Go fish!

CAROLINES*
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New York is a different city at night. During the day it wears work clothes but at night it dresses up. During the day it belongs to 8,000,000 other people, but at night it belongs to you. The city of tense buildings becomes a city of glimmering lights—strung across the rivers and on top of empty skyscrapers. It is New York at its best.

There's no better way to see this city-at-its-best than from the Observation Deck at the World Trade Center. So when you come down for an evening in Soho or dinner at the Vista Hotel or at the Market Dining Room, come on up and have a toast with us, to your New York.

The Deck: 2 WTC. 9:30-9:30 daily. \$2.95 for adults, \$1.50 for kids & senior citizens. For Deck information call 212/466-7377 and for WTC information call 212/466-4170.

**SUMMER NIGHTS BEGIN WHERE NEW YORK BEGINS:
AT THE WORLD TRADE CENTER.**

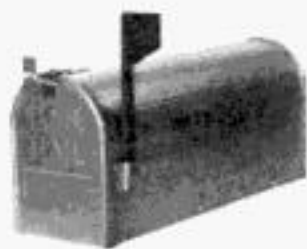
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PHOTO: GIANFRANCO GORGONI

233-0507



From the SPY mailroom: Xander Mellich, mentioned here two issues ago, writes from Berlin indicating that she is a she and not a he; we regret the error, and in any event we love the name. Wes Eichenwald of Allston, Massachusetts, has sent us a copy of his magazine, *X It Out*, which we have mislaid but would certainly have enjoyed had we not. Phantom of the Movies, the B-movie columnist for the *Daily News*, writes to say it "especially enjoy[s] Review of Reviewers, Eric Kaplan™'s probing inquiries and Drew Friedman's illustrations."

Walton Ridgeway of Manhattan has a problem: a "neophyte New Yorker," he feels he misses much of our humor, citing as an example his ignorance of the (a) significance of and (b) heights of June cover subjects Calvert DeForest and Doris Barnes. DeForest is a late-night TV personality who goes by another name on a nationally broadcast—*nationally*, Mr. Ridgeway—show. Barnes is a photographer. We don't know their heights, but witnesses at the cover shoot agree that she was on the tall side and he on the short. The managing editor of *Golf Illustrated*, David Earl, says he has had trouble finding SPY on some newsstands. That is because copies have been completely sold out. (*Subscribers don't have this problem.*)

Alan Spinney, an admitted Canadian, claims to know why the magazine is called SPY and submits as proof an equation that we don't understand—but that might make sense to semioticians, or his countrymen. *Details* and *Interview* will be alarmed to learn that Cynthia Edwards of New York City has "switched to SPY." And J. T. Maddux of Manhattan reports that a woman he observed reading SPY on the Lexington Avenue IRT smiled twice and laughed once between 86th and 42nd Streets—incredibly, exactly the amusement rate predicted by our market researchers back in 1981.



JOINING US LATE?

For back issues of SPY, write to us at The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Enclose \$3.50 per copy, please.

DEAR EDITORS Looking over your annotated diagram of the Russian Tea Room [The SPY Map, June], I have a question that I feel I can turn to you with: is it appropriate for the son or daughter of an RTR regular to show up for lunch without his or her luminary parent, or is this considered a breach of etiquette and a personal insult to Greg and Ona? Should reservations be made ahead of time by the parent?

John-Michael Maas
New York

You have our permission to show up alone and demand lunch.

DEAR EDITORS Re Tad Friend's article "Pee-wee's Court-house" [June]: Plenty of people get rich and famous overnight and still maintain friendships and a sense of commitment to their obligations. That Paul Reubens lacks the grace to make that transition is unfortunate for all concerned, but mostly for him. As co-creator and co-producer of the original *Pee-wee Herman Show*, which ran as

LETTERS TO SPY

an award-winning live stage production special and served as the basis of the current CBS series, I have firsthand knowledge of Reubens's sleazy business practices. My biggest disappointment is not financial, however; it is creative. The series that I designed was never intended to be a carbon copy from week to week, as is *Pee-wee's Playhouse*. Visually stunning, yes—once—but soon it's obvious that any genius involved goes into the deal making only, leaving the show's potential appeal to either a kids' or adults' audience virtually untapped.

Dawna Kaufmann
Los Angeles,
California

DEAR EDITORS Thanks for mentioning my name in your June issue [Naked City]. Every mention is a boost in a top-level magazine such as yours. Good luck.

Richard H. Roffman
New York

DEAR EDITORS SPY made a short oversight in "Little Men" [June]. Stand up and tell us—at what height *does* runt-size stop and normal-size begin? Or *are* you standing? Your mistake has given *me* an identity crisis. Am I a runt—or am I a man? Am I just kidding myself with mousse and orthotics? Am I typecast for *Of Mice and Men*?

The tallest runt you mentioned was Paul Newman (five feet nine inches); I'm five nine and a half. Do I pass?

Michael Zelvin
New York

Maybe the existential state of runthood has more to do with a mixture of bluster and insecurity than with quantifiable stature. SPY wouldn't know: our editors are all normal-size (over five foot eleven).

DEAR EDITORS Nine years ago I said in open court—after three years on the IBM case for the Department of Justice—that Chief Judge David Edelstein ["The Crankiest Judge in America," by Tad Friend, June] was one of the few jurists in America with the mental

acumen and legal knowledge to understand and manage what we had considered unmanageable: the complexities of the issues and the behavior of the players in the IBM case. *The New York Times* shared that view and described Judge Edelstein as one of the most well qualified judges to hear such a case.

I learned a lot from that case about what it meant to be a trial lawyer, for there were indeed some titans in that courtroom: David Boies and Tom Barr of Cravath, Swaine & Moore; Lew Bernstein of the Department of Justice; and, not least among them, Chief Judge Edelstein himself. Now, I know this letter is probably unusually unflippant for SPY, but think about printing it—you have been terribly, terribly unfair to a most distinguished scholar of the law.

George M.C. Dole
New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☺

Disagreement between them, with Respect to the Time of Adjournment, he may adjourn them to such Time as he shall think fit. And the said public Ministers, he shall take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed, and shall Commend all

Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



R. LAUREN



O. NORTH



W. NELSON

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

HIPPOCRATIC OAFS

Mount Sinai Medical Center is in the midst of an approximately \$1.5 million advertising campaign to let us know that, thanks to them, a man in Holland is alive and an Englishman can see. Closer to home, not everyone is so grateful. A survey of recent malpractice suits filed against Mount Sinai, its physicians and employees shows the following:

Plaintiff Leslie L., mother of baby Miles, alleges that on the day following his birth, the hospital, without her consent, administered blood products to the baby. She says that the blood was contaminated and that as a result the baby got AIDS. . . . Plaintiff Pamela O., in the course of treatment of an undisclosed condition, went into Mount Sinai for a right-first-rib resection, which entailed the removal of a piece of her rib. Ms. O. alleges that in the course of the operation she sustained nerve damage, causing her the loss of the use of her right arm and hand. . . . Plaintiff Walter H. was at Mount Sinai having an anterior colonic resection, or removal of a piece of his colon. When Mr. H.'s abdominal wall was sewn up, he says, the physicians and nurses left and enclosed therein "various foreign objects." Mr. H.'s attorney, Irving Kurtz, says that X rays indicate that the objects are eight metal clips, which, strangely ▶

WE USED TO THINK THAT **RALPH LAUREN** personally saw to stocking his Madison Avenue emporium with its kitsch-gentility paraphernalia. We were tender and dewy back then, and were inclined to reveries of Lauren striding across the purple heath sniffing out the tasteful boot where it hid in mossy cottage and forgotten fen. How else could we justify the exorbitant prices Lauren charges for his knock-offs, other than as a rental fee for his own civilized nostrils? And now that we have discovered the awful truth, we feel hurt, very hurt, disappointed and more than a little cheap. It seems that Lauren acquired the entire *faux* country house/men's club prop display for his store—the portmanteaus, the cigar cases, the alligator frames, the leather collar boxes, the creels, the dispatch boxes, all of it—from the folks at Hackett, the very civilized clothier in London. The chain had a warehouse of stuff lying around unused, which Lauren plundered with fistfuls of American dollars and had shipped off to New York.

WAIT: ISN'T IT THE *LIBERAL MEDIA* who are supposed to have been engaged in a ruthless campaign meant to discredit North America's favorite new guy? That's what *we* thought. So why has one right-of-center Republican senator been telling friends that **OLIVER NORTH** is gay?

SPEAKING OF SEX AND POLITICS, the widely despised political strategist **PAT CADDELL**, a former employee of **GEORGE MCGOVERN**, **JIMMY CARTER** and **GARY HART** (and blowhard **JOE BIDEN**'s current Rasputin), has gone to unusual lengths to scotch the rumor that he had somehow maneuvered to bring about Hart's downfall. And former Carter speechwriter **RICK HERTZBERG**, Caddell's good pal, is convinced that Caddell is indeed innocent—Caddell would not dare do a thing, Hertzberg argues, to jeopardize his friendship with Hart supporter **WARREN BEATTY**.

SIMON & SCHUSTER vice president and associate publisher **SUSAN KAMIL** went shopping for America's favorite country music bromide, **WILLIE NELSON**, and wound up paying him more than \$1 million for the right to publish his autobiography. (Some would say we've heard it all before in Willie's "ballads," but who are we to question the refined sensibility of a commercial publisher?) Meanwhile, Nelson's daughter **SUSIE** was preparing her own version of Willie's life, *Heartworn Memories: A Daughter's Personal Biography*, for tiny Eakin Press of Austin, Texas. An S&S executive, concerned about stolen thunder—the smaller book was due to be released much earlier—did what anyone would do under the circumstances: he called up Susie and threatened her. Susie, he insisted, couldn't say that her book was *authorized*; furthermore, he claimed, the photo on the jacket of Susie's book (Willie and Susie hugging) was being used without permission. Would Susie like to be the subject of a lawsuit and have her book knotted in litigation for the next five years? She phoned her father in Utah, where he interrupted a performance to take her call. Willie then set the record straight with S&S: you mess with kin and you're out the quarter-million advance you've already anted up. Susie's book will be out this month.

DOWNSCALE NEW YORK's favorite Nazoid geek is a man of many charms. Recently he has expanded his repertoire of shooting teenagers to ruining parties for harmless adults. Friends of casting director Vicki Goggin, who were throwing a surprise birthday party for her, were a little excited to discover that **BERNHARD GOETZ** lived next door to agent Scott Sedita, at whose apartment the party was being held. But when the guest of honor arrived at the apartment full of the poised-to-surprise, she looked about as surprised as a sea scallop. The unsuspecting birthday girl had shared the elevator with Goetz, who had turned to her and said pleasantly, "So, I guess you're here for the party." ☺

... shall be made, under the authority of the Supreme Court, to controversies to which the United States shall be a party, to controversies between two or more States of another State, between Citizens of different States, between Citizens of the same State claiming Lands under Grants

THE PRICE IS RIGHT—HOME VERSION

So you're fed up with the mass insanity of the real estate situation in New York. You plan to stand up to the cutthroats—to refuse to pay a million and a half for a two-bedroom with the right address. You plan to move to the suburbs. In that leafy haven, prices are moderate and space abounds.

In the interest of helping our urban neighbors better educate themselves about the glorious offerings that lie beyond the city limits, SPY has prepared the following short but telling real estate quiz in which you, the reader, are invited to guess the asking prices of the following homes:

(1) Old Greenwich, Connecticut, charming split-level; 4 bedrooms; 3 baths; walk to village; wall-to-wall carpeting; refrigerator; 2-story basement with basketball net.

(2) Rye Brook, New York, contemporary split-level; 4 bedrooms; 2½ baths; stone patio; Jacuzzi; attic fan; gas barbecue; 6-zone sprinkler; skylights.



1



3

(3) Alpine, New Jersey, modern bungalow; 4 bedrooms; 2½ baths; pool; game room; family room with fireplace. "Alpine," agent says, "is just ten minutes from the bridge and very accessible to Manhattan."

(4) Alpine, New Jersey, ranch-style bungalow; 5 bedrooms; 2½ baths; cathedral ceilings; flagstone patio; stone fireplace; additional storage. ☺



2



4

ANSWERS: (1) \$559,000, (2) \$775,000, (3) \$1,375,000, (4) \$1,400,000.

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Geraldine Ferraro shares a quiet moment with husband John Zaccaro.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned During the Summer

Elizabeth Taylor	6
Joan Collins	5
Malcolm Forbes	5
Liza Minnelli	5
The Untouchables	4
La Cage aux Folles	3
Jack Nicholson	3
Christopher Reeve	3
Burt Reynolds	3
Diane Sawyer	3
Cornelia Guest	2
The Reagans	2
Kathleen Turner	2
Corbin Bernsen	1
Sid Caesar	1
Don Rickles	1
Donald Trump	1

► enough, are not listed on the operating-room manifest as even being in the OR. Kurtz says that the clips are slowly wending their way through Mr. H.'s intestines. . . . Plaintiff Wayne M. had a coronary-artery bypass at Mount Sinai; about a month later Mr. M. had his right leg amputated above the knee. He contends that his cardiac surgeon, Dr. Bruce P. Mindich, who removed veins from Mr. M.'s leg to use in the heart bypass, did no tests to determine the condition of his leg prior to the operation; that after the operation, when Mr. M. developed a large blood clot in his leg, his heart specialist, Dr. Mindich, removed it himself, without consulting with a vascular specialist; and that once this procedure didn't work, a specialist brought on the case undertook a course of treatment without informing Mr. M. of alternatives. Mr. M.'s leg became gangrenous and had to be amputated. Dr. Mindich, by the way, is being sued by a Mrs. O., the widow of another former patient who had died while under his care.

Of course, Mount Sinai isn't the only hospital in town. A survey of cases filed against New York Hospital—Cornell Medical Center, the hospital of choice for the late Andy Warhol, reveals the following:

Plaintiff Elizabeth R., mother of baby Amanda, alleges that shortly after her daughter's birth the baby suffered second- and third-degree burns on her left thigh and lower extremity after an employee of the hospital warmed a diaper in a microwave oven. The diaper was cooled exteriorly but not interiorly, causing the infant severe burns and scarring. . . . The hospital recently paid a \$75,000 settlement to Erika L., an infant who sustained second-degree burns while receiving an intravenous treatment. The IV was either put in wrong or fell out of the vein and remained undetected. . . . Plaintiff Raymond D. alleges that during the course of a colonoscopy and polypectomy—President Reagan's operation—the physician negligently perforated the wall of his colon. . . . The sons of Rose M., Allen and Stanley, are also suing New York Hospital. Mrs. M., an elderly woman, died at the hospital after suffering a stroke. ►

In Case of the Removal of the President from Office, or of his Death, Resignation, or Inability to discharge his Office, the Same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by Law provide for the Case of the Death, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what Officer shall then act as President, and such Officer

NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN NOR OLD CHINESE FOOD NOR DIRTY DIAPERS...

► When the undertakers hired by her sons arrived to claim her body, they discovered the remains not of Rose M. but of Rose L. The morgue attendants at the hospital had turned Mrs. M.'s body over to another funeral director, who had taken it away and cremated it.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING

Each Sunday in the *Times*, hidden among camera store ads and announcements of society matings, the week's restaurant health code violations appear. Here are relatively more complete explanations of some that have been compiled recently. (Note: the violations listed here represent conditions at the time of the inspections, not those that diners will necessarily find now.)

BATONS

62 West 11th Street
On the first inspection the Health Department found old and fresh mouse excreta, insects, an accumulation of debris, dust-laden fan guards in the walk-in refrigerator, no soap or paper towels in the employee lavatory and no "alcohol pregnancy poster {sic}." On the second visit inspectors found not only rodent excreta but a live mouse in a ►

New York's mail carriers are tough characters. Tamper with them and you're asking for big trouble. It is illegal, for example, to photograph a mailman walking down the street. A civilian wearing a postman's uniform risks a \$100 fine. (There was, you will recall, no mailman character in the Village People.) Robbing a mailman could get you ten years, and secretaries should note that opening someone else's mail is punishable by five years in prison or a \$2,000 fine. Mailing any "motor vehicle master key" may result in a fine of \$1,000. Most strange, until very recently anyone who used the U.S. postal system to convey information about obtaining a divorce in a foreign country faced a fine of \$5,000.

The postal system also publishes a list of "non-mailable matter," which includes "all poisonous animals, insects, reptiles, and all explosives, inflammable materials, infernal machines, and mechanical, chemical, and other devices or compositions which may ignite or explode, and all disease germs or scabs . . . whether or not sealed as first-class matter."

Nevertheless, various kinds of nonmailable matter get dropped in mailboxes every day. New York City mail carrier John Tracy, who empties 50 or so mailboxes a day, says, "At least ten of them's always got junk besides mail." In the interest of good government, carrier Tracy spoke frankly with SPY

about some of the foreign objects he has encountered:

BORING STUFF: "Apartment keys, hotel keys, car keys. Key rings with 50 or 60 keys attached. Newspapers. Wallets, lots of wallets, probably that people steal the money out of and then dump in the boxes. And then all kinds of garbage."

EDIBLES: "Banana peels. Loose noodles. Opened and unopened bottles of beer. I find lots of boxes of fried rice in Chinatown. Chinatown's got the best food. Once I found a whole roasted duck there, orange glaze and all."

MONEY: "Well, once I found \$500 in traveler's checks. It belonged to some French student here. His passport was attached, too. I turned it in."

UNPLEASANT STUFF: "Diapers. Lots of dirty diapers. I mean *freshly used* diapers. Then once I was on the corner of Bleecker and Bank, getting ready to open up the box there. I could smell this bad smell, but I didn't know where it was coming from. When I opened it up, I saw these clothes. It was a bum's whole outfit, including underwear and socks. I wouldn't touch them, they smelled so bad. He must have gotten new clothes and just stripped down, right there, and changed. I called the inspector's office and made one of those guys in a three-piece suit come down and clean that box out. I

SEPTEMBER DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming*

1 Tenth anniversary of the Beach Boys'—now, there's an evolving, still-vital band—free concert in Central Park, according to the WNEW-FM 1987 datebook. This slim volume, by the way, includes 36 photos of the station's eternally self-absorbed deejay and "operations

director," Scott Muni.

10 The Feast of San Gennaro commences; Mulberry Street. Zeppole for lunch till the twentieth.

12 U.S. Constitution Bicentennial festivities reach frenzied pitch as entire nation marks anniversary of submission of document's final draft to the Constitutional Convention. Regular mail service.

13 "New York Is Book Country Day"; Fifth Avenue from 48th to 57th Street. Stay home and read.

14 Joey Heatherton born, 1944.

Commemorative fireworks over the East River, free Hostess cupcakes at the Javits Center and Atlantic City's casino dealers gather to form a one-acre-large greeting (LUV U JOEY)—possibly.



18 Greta Garbo born, 1905. Greta's birthday and Joey's just four

days apart. It makes you think.

18–20 Stamp Festival '87; Madison Square Garden. This year's theme is "Colonial American Craftsmen," yet 5,000 people are expected to attend.

20 Eleventh annual Columbus Avenue Festival, 66th to 86th Street. Well, at least the landscape is different every year: restaurant succeeds boutique succeeds restaurant with astonishing speed. And, neighborhood-wise, we'll gladly give

up hardware stores and opticians for, say, shops that sell only French sweatshirts.

26 Twenty-first annual Schooner Beer Regatta for the Mayor's Cup; starts at the South Street Seaport. Will Ed Koch—who has never attended—appear in nautical regalia? *Just maybe.* (SPY knows, for example, that the fun-loving mayor's fascination with WASPy attire has driven him to agree, recklessly, to pose for magazine covers in a riding outfit.) ☺

or in adhering to their dreams, giving the
 at all, or in Confession in open Court.
 of Treason shall work Corrupt

Naked City

wasn't getting near it again."

DANGEROUS STUFF: "Sometimes you find broken glass in there. Also, used hypodermic needles. This one carrier stuck his hand in the mailbox and got stabbed with a used needle. Had to get a tetanus shot."

DANGEROUS BEASTS: "Yeah, dead birds, dead cats, dead rats. And then, of course, a live cat. Everybody gets it once, and it's usually on the Bowery. The kids put them in there before you come, and then hide and watch when you open. Problem is, I keep my keys on my belt, and when I unlocked the box, I didn't take the key off. That cat came yowling out of there and I couldn't get away—I was attached to the box. It jumped onto my chest and clawed the hell out of me before it finally ran off. I swear I could hear kids laughing around some corner."

Carrier Tracy wears heavy-duty fireman's gloves on the job. He also washes his hands after opening his mail at home, and he recommends that all other New Yorkers do the same: "If you only knew what your letters have been sitting in. . . ."

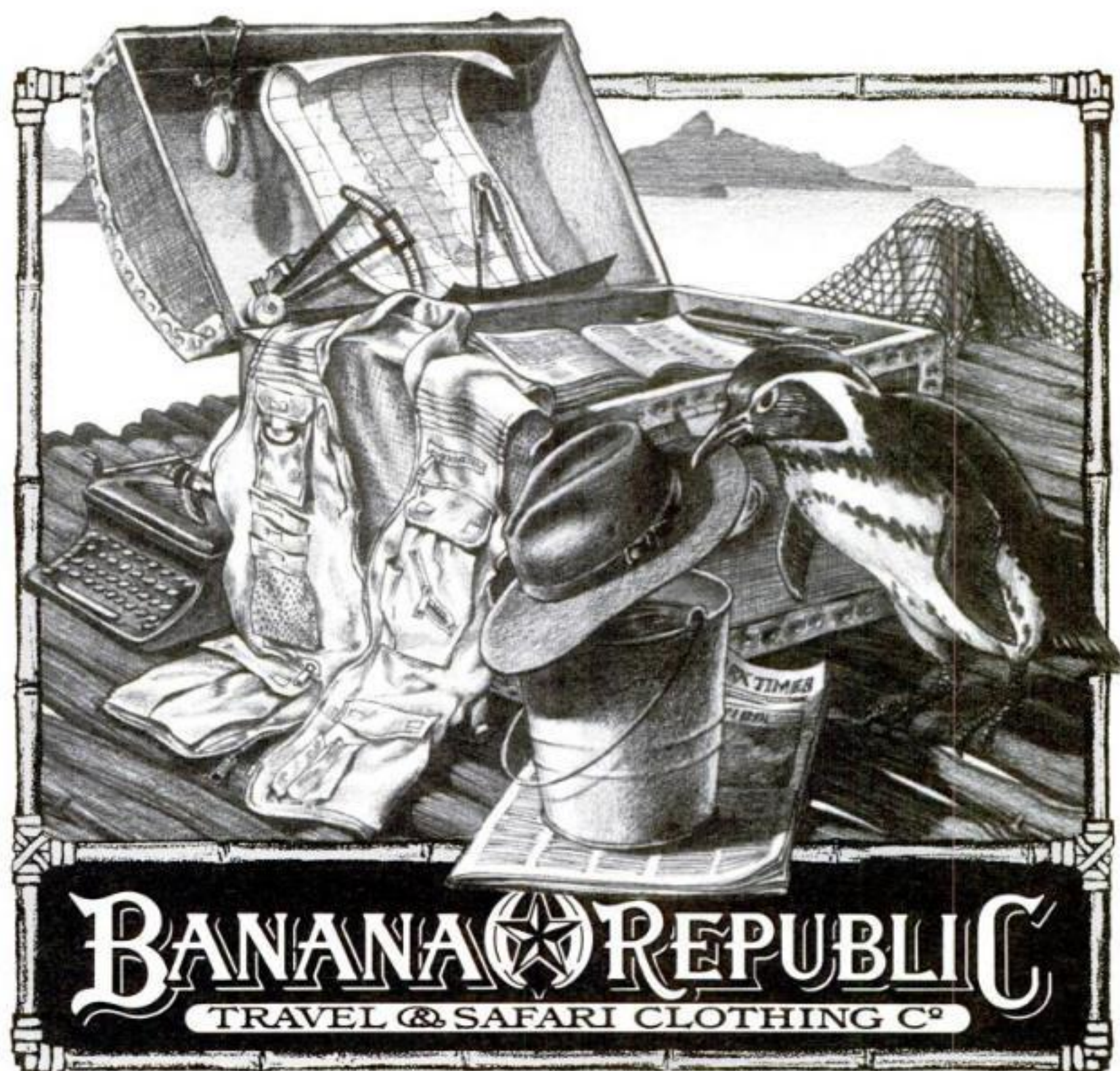
—Alison Friesinger

ELVIS'S WEIGHT ON THE PLANETS

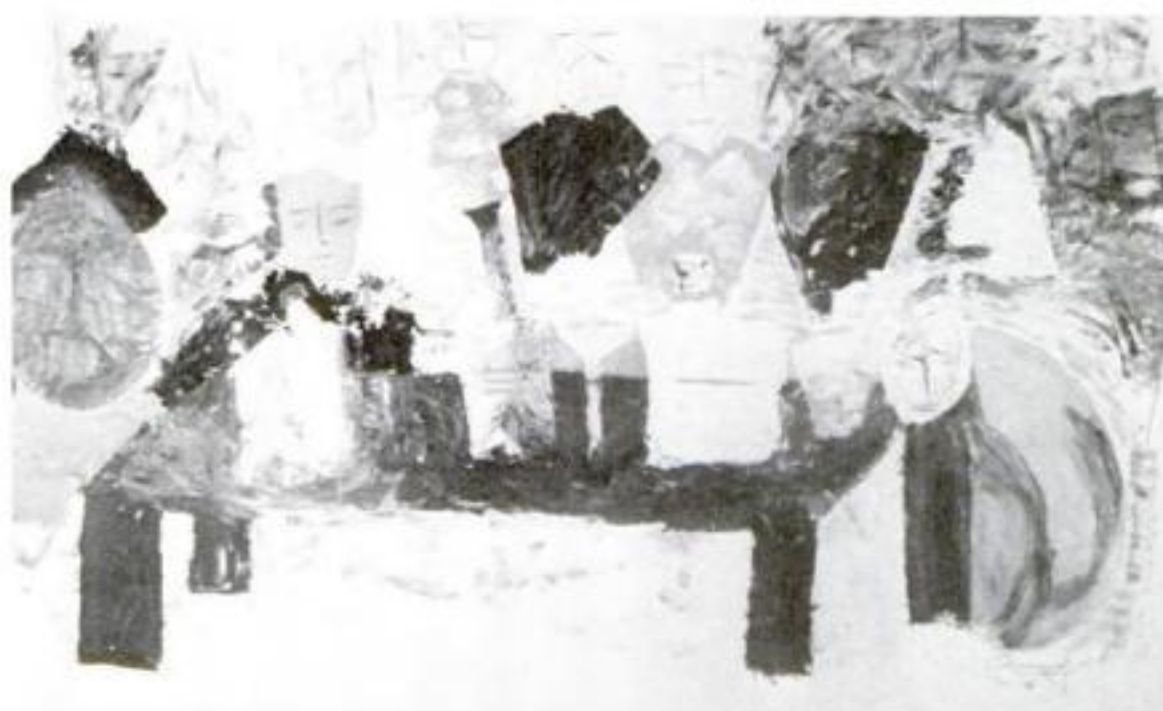
ten years after his death, Elvis's fame has assumed not just global but galactic proportions, as last month's anniversary festivities demonstrated. Here's how the King weighs in around the universe as we know it:

Elvis on Mercury	97 pounds
Elvis on Venus	232 pounds
Elvis on Earth	255 pounds
Elvis on Mars	97 pounds
Elvis on Jupiter	648 pounds
Elvis on Saturn	275 pounds
Elvis on Uranus	232 pounds
Elvis on Neptune	303 pounds
Elvis on Pluto	13 pounds
Elvis on the moon	43 pounds
Elvis on the sun	7,140 pounds

—Fleming Meeks



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 outdoor, restaurant!
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In all the other cases before mentioned, the supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Regulations as the Congress shall make.
All Crimes, except in Cases of Impeachment, shall be be tried; and such Trial shall be hold in the State where

Naked City



OUR REGULAR WALL STREET SCORECARD

It's always a shame when a few rotten apples spoil the fun for everyone. Sadly, over the last year the public has come to believe that Wall Street is thoroughly rotten. It simply isn't so. We prepared the lists below to show that many ruthless capitalists *do* play fair. And if by some mischance a few more people should slip into the left-hand and center columns by being charged with or convicted of securities crimes, remember—an indictment doesn't necessarily mean these people are guilty. It just means the government firmly believes they are. That's all.

MAJOR FINANCIERS, BANKERS AND TRADERS GUILTY OF SECURITIES CRIMES

MAJOR FINANCIERS, BANKERS AND TRADERS CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES

MAJOR FINANCIERS, BANKERS AND TRADERS NOT CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES

Dennis B. Levine <i>Drexel Burnham Lambert Inc.</i>	Richard B. Wigton* <i>Kidder, Peabody & Company</i>	Sid Bass
Ivan F. Boesky <i>Ivan F. Boesky & Co. L.P.</i>	Robert M. Freeman* <i>Goldman, Sachs & Company</i>	Sam Belzberg
Robert M. Wilkis <i>Lazard Frères & Company</i>	Timothy L. Tabor* <i>Kidder, Peabody & Company</i>	Asher Edelman
Ira B. Sokolow <i>Shearson Lehman Brothers</i>		James Goldsmith
David S. Brown <i>Goldman, Sachs & Company</i>		Carl Icahn
Michael Davidoff <i>Ivan F. Boesky & Co. L.P.</i>		Irwin Jacobs
Martin A. Siegel <i>Kidder, Peabody & Company</i>		Fred Joseph
Boyd L. Jefferies <i>Jefferies & Company</i>		Carl Lindner
		Lowell Milken
		Michael Milken
		Ronald Perelman
		T. Boone Pickens
		Victor Posner
		Sanford Sigoloff
		Saul Steinberg

*Currently not under indictment.

SPY

The Pica Bureau
205 Lexington Street
New York, NY 10012
(212) 975-5500

HAIR CARE AND MIKE MILKEN:

A SPY Inquiry

March 12, 1987
Norman A. Carlson
Director, Federal Bureau of Prisons
820 First Street NW
Washington, DC 20534

Dear Mr. Carlson,
It occurred to me that a lot of those stock-
brokers who are being indicted and convicted
of insider trading are obviously wearing
toupees. I can think of one guy at Drexel
Burnham Lambert in particular. Now, I know
you're busy, so please don't take a lot of
time with this, but I'm just wondering: are
there any prison regulations about hair-
pieces? Will these guys be able to wear their
toupees in the can?
Please don't get the wrong idea. I'm not
planning anything. I don't even wear a
toupee. I don't even own any stock! I'm just
curious.

Sincerely yours,

Jamie Malanowski
Jamie Malanowski



U.S. Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Prisons

Memorandum
March 26, 1987

Dear Mr. Malanowski:

Your letter of March 12, 1987, to the Director, Federal Bureau of
Prisons, was forwarded to this office for response. You request
information regarding our grooming policies. Enclosed you will
find a copy of our most recent Program Statement regarding Inmate
Grooming. As indicated, male inmates may not wear artificial
hairpieces.

Should you require additional information, please contact us.

Sincerely,

George E. Killinger
George E. Killinger, Administrator
Correctional Programs Branch

NELL'S: THE SEQUELS

New York, New York. One of the things that makes this town so darn great is the New Yorker's willingness to break the mold, take the risks, defy the time-tested formulas and come up with something fresh and new. Still, we were a *bit* concerned that the success of Nell's would bring us a plague of Nell's clones. You know: hard-to-get-into clubs in a *faux* homey, "romantic," country-style "tradition," filled with stuffy conversation and over-stuffed sofas. But New Yorkers always come through. When we interviewed some of the city's more daring impresarios about the clubs they were about to open, we learned that whatever New York night spots end up looking like this season, *they're not going to be anything like Nell's.*

Frederick Sutherland (opening a new club in the same building as Indochine): "It won't be at all like Nell's. The mood will be kind of **romantic**, kind of **dim**. The only similarity is the **wood** paneling."

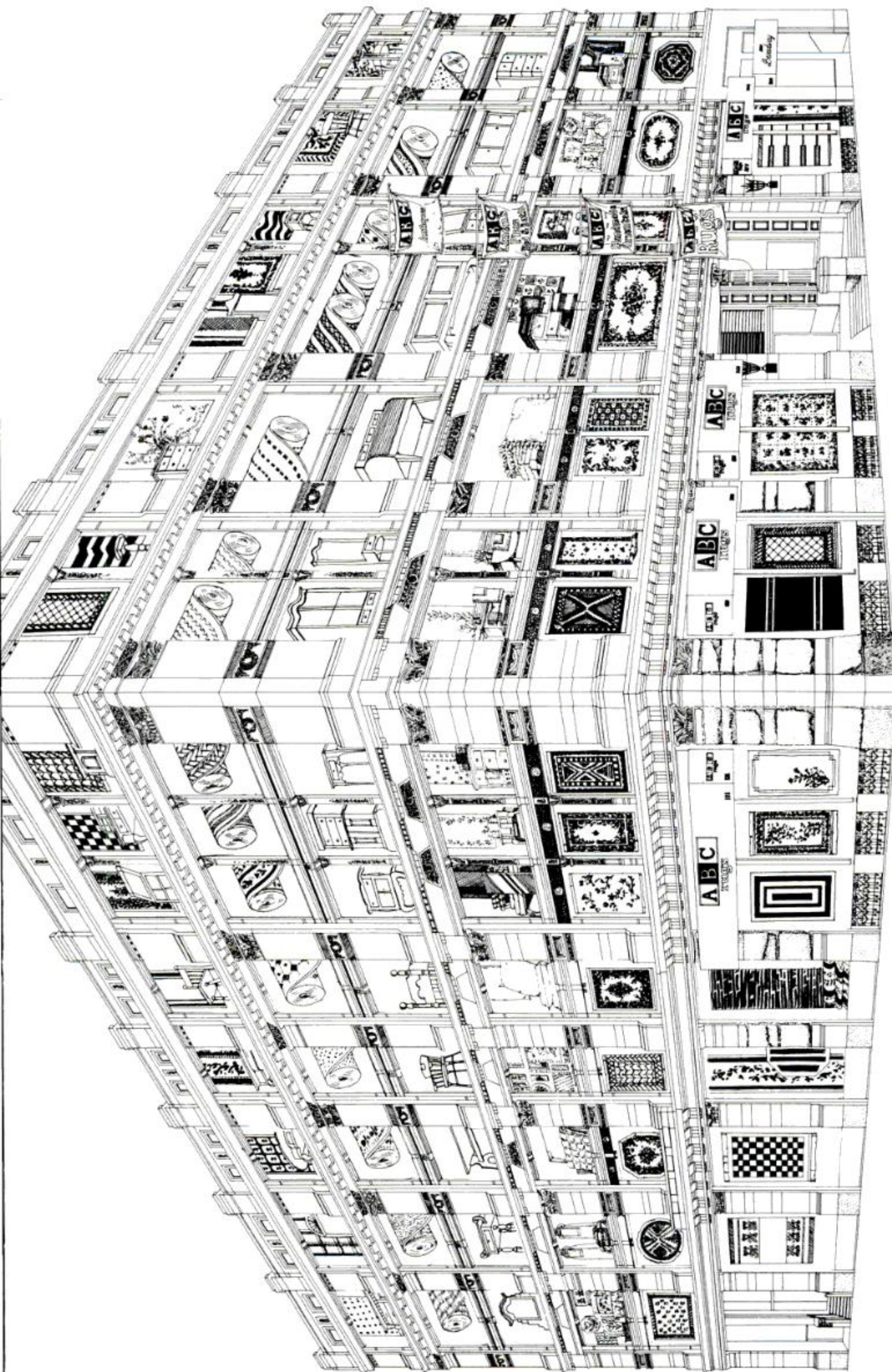
Jane Cowles (with partners Peter Duchin, Mike Carney, Christopher Van Rojen and Toby Beavers; location to be announced): "It won't be like Nell's. It will be a **super club**, kind of **romantic**. And our clients—no, **patrons**, that's a better word—will be much more **sophisticated, conservative, traditional, elegant**, not trendy at all. Our feeling is that in the late eighties, **people who know each other want to be together.**"

Carmen D'Alessio (with partner Mark Fleischman; 25 West 56th Street, once Sea-Fare of the Aegean): "It might have that sort of Nell's reminiscence, but it will be totally different. It will be a **supper club** and **the look will be very European**, like a **country home**, some kind of **colonial . . . neoclassical** look to it. It will be a **lounging place where people can relate to friends**. I'll be the **hostess.**"

Howard Stein (Au Bar, 41 East 58th Street, between Park and Madison): "It'll be more like Nell's than [like] Xenon. It will have a **European private-club feel**. The perimeter will be done in **wainscoting**, and there will be **dining-room tables** and **couches and ottomans**. **Small, intimate and insulated.**"

Steven Klein (with partner Michael Wayne; R and R, 21 Hudson Street): "The feel? A **clubhouse**. A **room to go to either/and/or to rest and/or have recreation**. This may sound naive, but **it'll be like going to someone's house for a party**. It's not going to be like Nell's. The idea is to go to the room to **relax**, not to get more tense. **No promotions. No comps. Five-dollar admission.**"

—Joe Dolce



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shall choose from them by Ballot the Vice President.
The Congress may determine the Time of choosing the Electors, and the Day on which they shall give their Votes; which Day
shall be the United States.

Naked City

► sack of Uncle Ben's rice.



HUNAN TASTE

2270 Broadway
Inspectors found that food was not stored in ways that protected it from contamination. Food was found stored adjacent to Drano and directly on the floor of the walk-in refrigerator, and the floors throughout the prep and storage areas were encrusted with dried food, grease and other debris. A second inspection uncovered live and dead roaches and flies.



LA RIPAILLE

605 Hudson Street
On the first inspection a food protection certificate was not available. Also, inspectors found waste water from the compressor being discharged into the kitchen sink. These problems were rectified by the second inspection, at which time mouse excreta were found.



SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Tama Janowitz . . .



and Grandpa Munster?



Chevy Chase . . .



and Jim Morrison?



Oliver North . . .



and the winged monkey from *The Wizard of Oz*?

+ DONAHUE VS. OPRAH

he patronizing, white-haired New Man and the tubby, jabbering Ewok both offer the staples of daytime-TV success: panels of victims eager to spill their personal tragedies and witless revelations, and a studio herd of lowing, mascara'ed gals keen to be privy to them. What the SPY viewer wants to know, then, is: who, Oprah or Phil, will work harder to titillate? Which one will go that extra step beyond rape, to rape and sodomy, and then to rape, sodomy and forced lipo-suction? Here, a sampling of the recent offerings of both shows. You be the judge.

DONAHUE

OPRAH

Women Involved With Priests
Our Crazy Legal System
Getting Sexy
Sinatra Supporters Speak Out
Learn Your Husband's Secrets
Spouses of Porn Stars
Touching
Divorced Spouses Living Under the Same Roof
Sexual Addiction
When a Spouse Decides He/She Is Gay
Bring-a-Man Party
Ex-Homosexuals
Successful Women/Angry Men
Virgins
The Hinckleys
The Right to Bare Breasts
How Big Is Big Sodomy
"Mansharing"
Men, Depression and Desperation
Ralph Nader Make-over
Big-Breasted Women
Prostitutes
Child Sex Abuse
Good Girls Gone Bad
Dating and Flirting
Straight Women/Gay Male Friendships

Women Who've Killed Secretaries to the Stars
Women Who Love Criminals
Runaway Moms
Kids Who Kill Their Parents
Senior Abuse
Gospel Hour
Spouse Addicts
Revenge on Rapists
The Right to Kill Intruders
Juveniles on Death Row
Overweight and Liking It
Self-abuse and Mutilation
Overcoming Disfigurements
Con Men and Their Victims
Male Incest Victims
Celebrity Sit-around
People Who Hate Fat People
Short Men, Bald Men
People Who Killed Other People Accidentally
Kids Killing Kids
Labor Horror Stories
On Remote at Spago
Sexy Swimwear for Men and Women
Doctors As God

—Joseph Mastrianni

close up

Proposed Movie of the Month

9 PM **SPY**

CLOSE TO HEAVEN



Pope John Paul II visits the United States and spontaneously invites four typical American teenagers along with him on his plane: a heavy metal rocker (Jason Bateman), a ghetto youth (Gary Coleman), an egghead (Mindy Cohn) . . . and a beauty queen (Valerie Bertinelli) trying to choose between her boyfriend and the convent. The pontiff teaches the kids how to respect themselves and not go too far. They show John Paul how to have fun on Venice Beach (with Kiss, in a special musical appearance). But on the way to Bakersfield disaster strikes when mechanical failure prevents the jet from landing, and the five are trapped above the clouds—with a papal address on the importance of fun due to be delivered the next day! The pope: Tom Bosley. (2 hrs.)

y Hagman; cookie mogul Mrs. in Dave Edmunds. (Live)
PLE—Comedy
is married to a jealous football v Randall. Jake: Alex Karras. Harty.
OSAGE AVENUE (CC)
In.
vice assault on a house tical group MOVE in a graphic news foot- of community res: s one eyewitness ch resulted in 11 of 61 homes. Included: a character of the neigh- and after the tragedy.
ROES—Comedy
one) plays it by ear when one s pegged as a double agent. s. Von Krubner: Milton Selzer.
HON'S FLYING CIRCUS
Adventure; 60 min.
Maria Elena Salinas; 60 min.
0 min.
Science Fiction
MONEYWORLD
UNEXPECTED
he police: a locked room hot body and a lone sus- weapon. Stamford: Jere- Valters: Roy Marsden.

6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
	CBS News	Wheel of Fortune	New Mike Hammer	
	CBS News	PM Magazine	New Mike Hammer	
	NBC News	Newtyned Game	Highway to Heaven	
WKRP In Cinn.	M*A*S*H	Current Affair	Movie: The Mechanic	
ABC News	Jeopardy!	H'wood		
ABC News				



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
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
► INTERMISSION at LORD & TAYLOR

424 Fifth Avenue
 First inspection: tuna salad and tuna pasta stored at 60 degrees—15 degrees more than is officially healthful. Second inspection: mouse excreta. 



ORIGINAL RAY'S PIZZA

1042 Madison Avenue
 Mouse droppings were observed on both visits. Live roaches were spotted on the second one.  


NATHAN'S FAMOUS

1482 Broadway
 A live mouse was found in the walk-in refrigerator, along with, predictably, fresh mouse droppings. 


JUANITA'S

1309 Third Avenue
 Mouse excreta in the basement areas at the first inspection, flies and excreta at the second.  


IL GATTOPARDO

49 West 56th Street
 Low dishwasher temperature and faulty food storage cited on both inspections. First time: smoked salmon stored at 45 degrees instead of 37 degrees. Second time: "chicken observed stored directly on floor and uncovered." 


EAR INN

326 Spring Street
 At both inspections, the Ear Inn lacked a Health Department permit and adequate "facilities to sanitize dishes." Rodent droppings were not lacking. 

CRITERION CENTER 6 CONCESSIONS

1514 Broadway
 Mice at the movies. 

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OFFICERS' DINING ROOM

1 Madison Avenue
 Chronic problem with low dishwasher temperatures. 

BOOK NOOK

Trumporama
 on Fifth

hmm. What is the best one-stop outlet in the city to expand your collection of Donald Trump artifacts? Try Trump Tower ("Donald Trump's Crown Jewel"), where the Eastern Lobby Shop offers a great temptation of objets de Trump.

Start with the display windows. In the middle of an array of travel guides are multiple copies of Jerome Tuccille's hard-hitting gusher, *Trump: The Saga of America's Most Powerful Real Estate Baron*. And not just the hardcover version (\$17.95, and absolutely worth it) with the pretty gold cover, but the paperback (\$8.95, and definitely worth it) too. You might want to buy one of each, because the paperback's title is slightly different (*Trump: The Saga of America's Masterbuilder*). All in all, the store has 12 copies of the two books in its windows.

And if that isn't treat enough, the store also stocks a coffee-table thriller called *Trump Tower*. The picture book (originally \$30, now reduced to \$9.95, and really, really worth it) is so irresistible, says Helen, the store manager, that everyone who picks it up ends up buying it. Why? "Because," she says, "it's a very good book." Helen adds that she's responsible for the Trump-heavy window display, and that Mr. Trump never came down to the store to insist that his books be given prominent exposure.

play, and that Mr. Trump never came down to the store to insist that his books be given prominent exposure.

Thrifter shoppers can find something at the shop, too: there's also a postcard (60 cents, and possibly worth it) of the Tower itself. Right now only an exterior view is available, although there is heated talk of someday producing a postcard of the Tower's interior as well. According to Eastern Lobby Shops president Gerald Karben, the company began manufacturing the cards in response to repeated requests for a Trump souvenir. Karben says the books have done very nicely in the store (the only one of Eastern's 154 stands to carry them) and that it's mostly tourists who seem to be interested in Trump. "Quite frankly," says Karben, "I wish there were more Donald Trumps around. When you find something that sells, it makes you very happy. Of course, the day it stops selling, we'll stop carrying it." Karben says the store is likely to carry the soon-to-be-published as-told-to-former-journalist-Tony-Schwartz Trump memoirs.

Is Trump aware of the traffic in relics going on within his own shrine? "I've never met the man," says Karben, "but I suspect that he's aware of everything."

—Susan Orlean

"BIG DAVE" BYRNE

LEMME TELLYA SOMETHIN BOUT DAVID BYRNE:
 YA WANTA GET ON DAVID BYRNE'S NERVES?
 YA WANTA REALLY SEE HIM GO BANANAS??
 ... CALL HIM "DAVE"! ... HE HATES TO BE
 CALLED "DAVE"! HATES IT!!
 KNOW WHAT I CALL HIM?!!
 "BIG DAVE"!!
 "BIG DAVE" I CALL HIM!!
 "BIG" "DAVE"!!
 DRIVES HIM NUTS!!



DIDN'T SEE HIM FOR A COUPLA YEARS, THEN ONE
 NIGHT DAVEY CALLS ME UP CRYIN', DRUNK—SAYS
 HE'S MAKIN A RECORD WITH HIS COMBO "TALKING
 HEADS" AND HE'S SCARED.... SO NEXT DAY I
 GO UP TO THE STUDIO... HELPED HIM OUT ON
 SOME LYRICS....



WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
 DAN LEO & DEAN ROHRER

YEAH, I KNEW BIG DAVE BYRNE WHEN HE WAS
 FIRST STARTIN OUT IN THE BUSINESS.... WE WAS
 PLAYIN CLUBS TOGETHER DOWN IN BALTIMORE,
 PHILLY, THE OLD "PANTAGES" CIRCUIT. I DID
 MY STAND-UP BIT AND DAVEY (I CALLED HIM
 "DAVEY" BACK THEN) BACKED ME UP ON
 UKELELE.... WE HAD SOME TIMES!



I STILL HEAR FROM DAVE NOW AND THEN. JUST
 LAST MONTH HE INVITED ME AND THE MISSUS
 UP TO THE "TALKING HEADS RANCH" IN UPSTATE
 NEW YORK—BEAUTIFUL PLACE... DAVE GOT DRUNK
 ONE NIGHT...





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NANCY REAGAN, MEET BETTY FORD

Taking the First Lady at Her Own Word

► HEALTH UPDATE

New Yorkers may enjoy a reputation for living fast and hard, but apparently we don't deserve it. The recently announced results of the Behavioral Risk Factor Surveillance System survey found that when it comes to smoking, drinking and putting on weight, New Yorkers are usually in the middle of the pack.

The BRFSS surveyed residents of 25 states and the District of Columbia. The survey found that 22.5 percent of New Yorkers were overweight, good for 15th place in the survey; Wisconsin—America's Dairyland—ranked first, with 28.7 percent, and Hawaii last, with 16.5 percent. New York ranked 13th in number of people with a sedentary life-style; Kentuckians sit the most (72.2 percent), Hawaiians (48 percent) the least. Only 27 percent of New Yorkers smoke—10th place; Kentucky has the most smokers (34.7 percent); Utah, home of the insanely healthful Mormons, ranks last, with 18.2 percent. New Yorkers do no better than 16th when it comes to binge drinking (15.9 percent); only 7.2 percent of South Carolinians binge, as opposed to residents of Wisconsin, America's Brewery, where 29.6 percent are wont to get blotto. Some 7.4 percent of New Yorkers describe themselves as heavy drinkers, as opposed to 3.7 percent of Tennesseans and 10.8 percent—there they go again—of Wisconsinites. Only 2 percent of New Yorkers drink and drive, dropping the state to 23rd place. In last place is Kentucky (of course: they never go anywhere, they're too busy sitting), and in first place, with 9.6 percent, are those head-bangers from Wisconsin. Finally, when it comes to using seat belts, New Yorkers really buckle up. Only 19.9 percent don't, good for 24th place among nonusers. In North Dakota, 71.2 percent don't use belts; in Hawaii, all but 8.8 percent do.

CORRECTION

In our Pulitzer prize roundup last issue, we appeared to suggest that none of the 40 Chicago Tribune entries had won. (All right, all right, our exact words were "the Chicago Tribune submitted 40, none of which won.") In fact, two Trib feature writers won Pulitzers—Peter Gornier and Jeff Lyon. We apologize for the error. ☺

Think about it: the glazed stare, the fixed smile, the meatless frame. I was watching Nancy Reagan one day recently, and suddenly it all clicked. I understood why she was obsessed with drug use and addiction. I understood the daily intoning, like a mantra or a child's wish: "Just say no." All at once I understood the pathetic clinging to Ronnie and the dazed air of not quite getting it. In fact, I only wonder that it's taken so long for the truth to come poking through the haze of obfuscation. So much suddenly becomes



clear, even her fascination with sweets—the jelly beans, the notorious birthday cookies—that somehow never add so much as a cushioning layer to that wasted waist. "No one is safe," she cries, practically begging for understanding, "not you, not me."¹

When did it begin? One can only surmise. "When I first started," the first lady says, "no one was talking about drugs."² So what pushed her over the edge? Was it the frustration of being sidelined? After all, this woman was once an actress, a professional. What does she have now? As she wistfully remarked—and only now can the sadness behind the trembling bravado of her public statements be fully appreciated—"Exploring one's own talents is more satisfying than the false promise of escape through magic potions, secret thrills, truancy or suicide."³ As she too well knows. But suicide! Oh, Nancy, say it isn't so. Though it must be admitted that one has some curiosity about those "secret thrills."

It is possible that the closet darkness, the secrecy itself, is titillating for her, as for so many. What private eyewinks and elbow jabbings went into the appointment of "a former drug addict,"⁴ Kenneth Barun, as executive assistant to the administrator of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration? Now that we have penetrated the smoke screen, we can see that when Nancy "expressed her sincere gratitude for Barun's service," admitting that she "will continue to call upon and consult with Barun on matters concerning... drug and alcohol abuse,"⁵ it was doubtless a veiled message to none other than her private supplier, a veiled threat that he was still in her toils.

But secrecy will never do for one who has known the limelight. Not satisfied with her own descent, perhaps merely unable to stop herself in this, as in so much else, Nancy, like the lover who cannot stop speaking of the beloved, has to infect others with her

obsession. "I want everyone involved,"⁶ she insists. Her longtime friend, Washington lobbyist Nancy Reynolds, is frank about her friend's compulsion. "This focus on drugs," Reynolds says, "can be laid at the door of Nancy Reagan.... She has brought the President into it."⁷

The president! I am reassured to remember, however, that he has undergone voluntary drug testing. Nancy, as we know, has done no such thing, even though her husband signed an executive order requiring public employees in sensitive positions to be tested. She is no one's employee—though, God knows, her position is all too sensitive. The toll her problem is taking on our commander in chief! He has expressed sorrow on occasion—sorrow and understanding: "I'm mindful that drugs are a constant temptation.... No one... has the right to destroy your dreams and shatter your life."⁸ This paragon is a lesson to us all when he says, "Don't turn the other way.... Provide support and strength."⁹ Well, as the lady says—perhaps revealing her resentment of his perpetual starring role and her second-banana part, albeit in gorgeous costume—offenders like herself "are ingenious.... They work every day to plot a new and better way to steal... lives."¹⁰

The lives Mrs. Reagan steals are not just her husband's and her friends'. Stopping at nothing, she makes even her children bear the brunt of her unrestrained cravings. Daughter Patti tried to make the problem public by writing her own little version of *Mommie Dearest*, but somewhere along the way the real dirt was edited and revised into drivel about the formal gown the raving woman insisted her daughter wear.¹¹ But we know now what the muzzled Patti was trying to say. Asked about children "turning in their drug-using parents," Mrs. Reagan replied dramatically, "Yes, there is a danger."¹²

The risk of scandal, however, is a danger that the thwarted actress is clearly driven to court. What thrill, after all, is secret vice without fear of exposure? That is why she sometimes plays it fast and loose. That is where those little solecisms creep in, those slips that are not, in the final analysis, so much grammatical as Freudian, revealing the woman's true wishes and desires. Note the giveaway possessive: "If you are trying to save somebody's life, then it's hard for me to understand how you talk about invading my privacy."¹³ This is a woman crying out, *Invade my privacy—please!* —Anna Shapiro



¹Associated Press, September 14, 1986. ²United Press International, September 18, 1986. ³AP, September 25, 1986. ⁴AP, September 15, 1986. ⁵Ibid. ⁶The New York Times, September 14, 1986. ⁷Ibid. ⁸AP, September 15, 1986. ⁹Los Angeles Times, September 15, 1986. ¹⁰Ibid. ¹¹Patti Davis, *Home Front* (Crown, 1986), p. 79. ¹²UPI, September 19, 1986. ¹³Xinhua General Overseas News Service, September 20, 1986.



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the line which on that List the said Electors shall in like Manner chuse the President & Vice



THE NEW YORK POST IN A NUTSHELL

A Monthly SPY Service Feature

Naked City

Either heat shortens our attention spans or else the continuing success of a number of characters introduced in previous months made a new contender unnecessary. In either event, the summer was a cautious time, full of sequels. In June we welcomed back Dwight Gooden, sentenced Sean Penn, hissed Kurt Waldheim and worried about AIDS. We cheered as model Marla Hanson, entering her sixteenth minute of fame, consoled a second woman scarred by a knife-wielding nut. And we thrilled to the adventures of the wackiest bunch of courtroom zanies since the Chicago 7—the Goetz jury. We want to party with these lunatics, and soon.

—Adam-Troy Castro

THE STORIES and their symbols

SENSELESS TRAGEDIES	MISC. BABIES
AIDS	MANIACS
NAZIS	DWIGHT GOODEN
EMBARRASSING ADULTERY (BY OTHER THAN EVANGELIST)	MAFIA
CRAZED EVANGELISTS	DIRTY REDS
ZOO BEARS	GOETZ JURY
STUPID SHOW BIZ	HEROISM
BABY M (AND FAMILIES)	SLASHED WOMEN

JUNE

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Naked City



Max



Punch



Abe



HIS NEWS WILL make you happy: Ed Klein, the spiteful and loathed editor of *The New York Times Magazine*, may be moving on soon. He has involved the magazine in many embarrassing scandals over the ten years of his aggressively dull, uninspired stewardship, but this summer's almost back-to-back pratfalls may have been just too much. The first was the highly disingenuous rags-to-literary-riches story by novelist Rae Lawrence (Ruth Liebmann); the second involved the photograph for the story on Miami's civic problems—a photo that was discovered to have been a promotional dramatization staged by Westinghouse four years ago, using one of its employees.

Klein has few defenders, and his tired, Nixonian carcass has long been avoided. His desire to brown-nose is legend—he has even gone so far as to volunteer to play scout for his superiors' sexual liaisons. When he learned that a female *Times Magazine* editor of interest to one of the top editors at the paper was having an affair with a colleague, Klein, hoping to win points, told the boss of the affair.

The tragedy, of course, is that no magazine is ever so eagerly anticipated each week—or is so consistently disappointing. Klein has but two interests in life: society and fashion. When his magazine wasn't indulging in flagrant obsequiousness or predictable, whither-Israel sedatives (for Abe Rosenthal), it bore generic cover stories on overhyped singles' sex trends.

Klein should never have been hired for the magazine in the first place (when he left *Newsweek* for the job in 1977, staff members there celebrated with champagne). Abe disliked Klein and thought

often of firing him, and would have, had Klein not served such a valuable purpose—he groveled and took orders well, and could be relied upon to bend his hulking back for any kind of humiliation in order to curry favor with those above him. Rosenthal approved all hiring for the magazine, and in the course of interviewing aspirants he would ask if they knew who edited the magazine—and would then provide his own answer: "I do!" Abe used to meet with editors of the magazine in his office every Wednesday at noon and spend the whole time berating Klein. After one particularly fulfilling lunch hour of Klein mortification, Abe came out of his office and said aloud, "I just love to torture that man."

Executive editor Max Frankel was never a fan of Klein's, either. But when Frankel moved down to the third-floor newsroom last year, he decided to give everybody a chance. Klein, who has never been a hard worker—ten to six most days—started putting in slightly longer hours. Freed at last of his tormentor, he raced around telling everyone that, finally, he could put out the kind of magazine that he had always wanted to. He ordered up embarrassing cover stories on love in America and country-house lust and began doling out assignments to Nicholas Gage and other big-name writers, at fees several times higher than the magazine ordinarily pays: \$10,000 plus substantial expenses were paid to Richard Reeves for his cover story on the assassination of Olof Palme—and of course we will all remember exactly where we were when we heard the news that Olof had been murdered. In private discussions, Frankel has expressed his displeasure with both Klein and the magazine and has clearly implied that changes are forthcoming. Klein, meanwhile, has been having lunch

with other editors at the paper, no doubt arranging for a safe landing somewhere. When he does shift jobs, he is likely to be replaced by Michael Levitas, the ferocious-looking editor of the Book Review.

BUT LET'S GET OFF THE SUBJECT of bum-kissing toadies—hello, Arthur Gelb!—and move on to *dim-witted* toadies. Culture editor Bill Honan certainly qualifies. After a lunch with the *Times's* culture staff, a prominent New York filmmaker said that Honan was one of the stupidest people he had ever met. Honan, who, like Klein, is hated by almost everybody at the paper, must be plenty embarrassed by recent events himself. He had written a didactic appreciation of the arts that was to have run in early September in the Arts and Leisure section. Similar works have run under Honan's byline before, always to the horror of the staff, but this one was bad writing of such a scale that it was, mercifully, killed. Space forbids running the whole thing, but the following passage should whet your appetite: "... The arts reawaken our capacity to marvel. Look, for example, at Mikhail Baryshnikov's new movie, untitled as of this writing, which is slated to open in the fall. I can't prejudge the film, but I know that the movie camera will afford a far better vantage point than the most expensive theater ticket to watch this amazing dancer as he executes the most demanding steps and, on top of it all, adds astounding personal flourishes and ornamentation. 'What a piece of work is man,' you will want to exclaim." If you want a copy of the entire story, and I know you will, write to Mr. William H. Honan, Cultural Editor, *The New York Times*, 229 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Bye, William E. Geist.

—J. J. Hunsecker



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and the triple chin—the Yankees’
loathsome, loudmouthed owner qualifies
as a blot on the landscape for professional
reasons alone. ED KIERSH proves, once and for
all, that the players Steinbrenner trades for are
invariably losers—while the ones he trades
away are soon performing like Hall of Famers.*

Damn Yankee

◆
How
George Steinbrenner
BEFOULED
NEW YORK
BASEBALL
◆

“LET’S NOT DO IT, GEORGE—IT’S A BAD DEAL,”
the Yankee brain trust cried. “Wait a while—maybe we’ll pick up a
better player later.”

As more dissenting shouts filled the Hollywood, Florida, hotel
room, a few men sipped coffee or anxiously flipped through their
bible, *The Baseball Encyclopedia*. This group, tan and dressed for
the golf course, normally enjoyed wheeling and dealing in ball-
players; they had gathered there last December for that express
purpose. But this particular trade—giving away the Yankees’
Mike Easler to get the Phillies’ Charles Hudson—was different. It
was being forced upon them.

Against the advice of counselors specifically hired to ferret out
talent, George Steinbrenner, the Yankees’ principal owner, gave
up Easler, a dependable .302 hitter, for Hudson, a right-handed
pitcher with a lifetime record of 32 wins and 42 losses.

It proved to be another Steinbrenner quick fix, another strange
bloodletting. Hudson, after winning his first six games for the



HAIMOWITZ

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◆

Steinbrenner
has done more
to hurt the
Yankees over
the years than
George Brett,
Earl Weaver
and the Red
Sox combined

◆

Yankees this season, soon hit his previous stride. He developed a notable disinclination to get batters out—so irritating in a pitcher—preferring instead to allow, in one stretch, 34 hits in 21 innings (and an ERA of 8.57). In June, Hudson was banished to the minors, where he continued his decline (no wins, two losses, 6.07 ERA) as a member of the Columbus Clippers. Steinbrenner, apparently buoyed by the news that the pitcher had worked his recent ERA nearly down to 6.00 (and not wanting to let pass an opportunity to meddle), recalled Hudson in July.

And Easler? He too was back with the Yankees—acquired June 10 in a trade for Keith Hughes and Shane Turner.

There are no surprises in Steinbrenner's hysterical second- and third-guessing. His management style would appear to be this: (1) Surround yourself with the best people you can find; (2) trade them away; (3) trade to get them back (optional). And despite all his blustering about assembling a great team, Steinbrenner has done more to hurt the Yankees over the years than George Brett, Earl Weaver and the Red Sox combined. (And what if he *were* to create another winner? Steinbrenner's deal with SportsChannel, which gives the pay cable station the right to broadcast between 95 and 100 of the team's games, means most fans wouldn't be able to enjoy most of the season anyway.) Usually acting in anger, never shrewdly, the bloated, childish Cleveland boatbuilder has given away such terrific players as Scott McGregor, Tippy Martinez, Damaso Garcia and the National League's Most Valuable Player two seasons ago, Willie McGee. He has also let players such as Jack Morris get away. Morris might have joined the pitching-poor Yankees last winter, if only Steinbrenner had been interested; this season, the Yankees have wanted for strong pitching—while Morris, by the All-Star break, had already won 12 games for the Detroit Tigers.

All this might not be as grievous as, say, Steinbrenner's illegal \$75,000 contribution to Richard Nixon's reelection campaign or his inevitable return, after a strangely quiet spring, to spouting inappropriate remarks (the world learned in June that Lou Piniella is "not one of the top managers"; in July, that the Yankees are not a racist organization because one of their chief financial officers is "a young black boy"). But Yankee fans—and the browbeaten Yankees themselves—have still suffered mightily.

ANATOMY OF A DEAL

The Charlie Hudson fiasco bears closer examination. In early December, Steinbrenner was looking for almost anyone but Hudson. Through his front-office figureheads, men who labor under the constant fear of a Steinbrenner-ordered polygraph test, overtures were made to three clubs in the hope of

securing either shortstop Jose Oquendo (then with the St. Louis Cardinals) or pitcher Dennis Eckersley (then with the Chicago Cubs) or pitcher Mike Smithson (Minnesota Twins). Rebuffed each time but still determined to trade away Easler, Steinbrenner bypassed his staff and sought advice from his friend Dick Williams, the manager of the Seattle Mariners.

Here the response was the same. Williams bluntly told Steinbrenner that Hudson couldn't help the Yankees.

None of this mattered to Steinbrenner; like a willful child, he would not be stopped. He told Yankee general manager Woody Woodward (still GM as SPY went to press), who only speaks to the press with permission from Yankee PR chief Harvey Greene (still PR chief as SPY went to press), to contact Bill Giles, the president of the Phillies, and go ahead with the deal.

Why was Steinbrenner so adamant? Why was he so insanely predisposed to trading away Easler at a rock-bottom price?

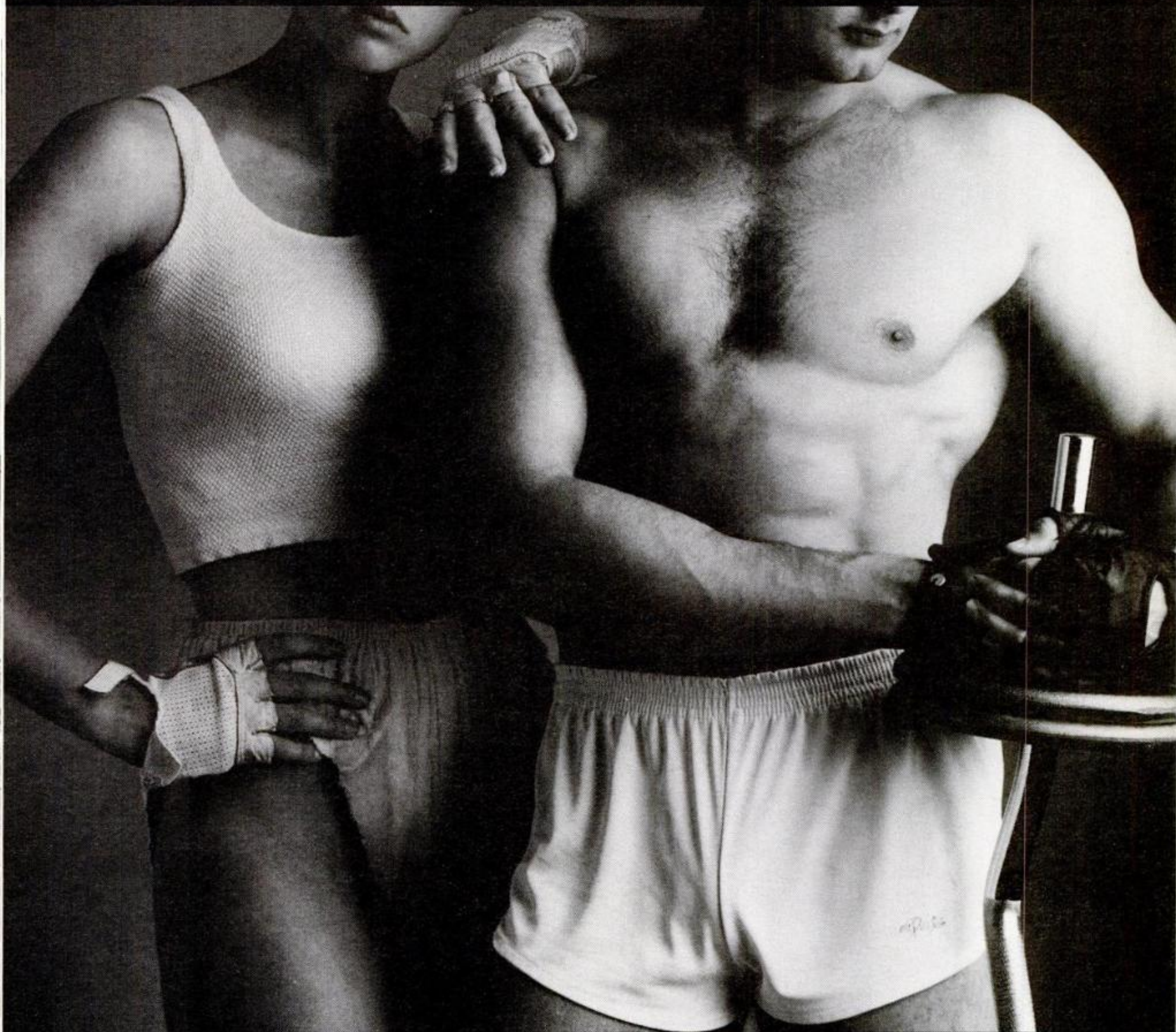
He was angry—he often is, and in this case he was particularly so. Easler had committed the ultimate outrage a few months earlier: he'd demanded a contract extension—or a trade to another club. Viewing this as disloyalty and a disgrace to the team, Steinbrenner again ignored his staff, who urged restraint. The front office felt a better deal could be arranged later on, closer to the start of the season. But Easler had to be banished *right now*.

The Phillies cheerfully obliged. "Woody [Woodward] told me the trade was Steinbrenner's idea," the Phillies' Giles says. "Most owners don't get involved in these matters. They hire general managers to do their business. But George often deals from emotions. He gets high or down on players. He doesn't wait for players to produce. You should never trade a player when you're mad at him. George shoots from the hip. As an owner, you have to learn to control your emotions."

Wiser, rational baseball executives, especially those entrusted to make trades, have long followed the maxim "Don't push any buttons when you're angry." This has been standard policy ever since the days when scouts would outwit hot-tempered club owners by specifically looking for players at odds with management, then pouncing. Executives such as former (naturally) Yankee president Gabe Paul (1973–77) learned to recognize the danger of emotional outbursts. Paul, the architect of two New York championship clubs, won't talk about Steinbrenner, but he does say, "You should never lose sight of your objectives. Emotions will kill you, just kill you. It's a cardinal sin to give in to them."

Here is a look at some earlier Steinbrenner mistakes. For every Dave Winfield that Steinbrenner has lured to the Bronx, there have been several Tucker Ashfords.

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P A S T H O R R O R S MANAGERS, COACHES AND THE FRONT OFFICE

Since 1973, when Steinbrenner bought the Yankees, he has had nine managers (including Lou Piniella, still manager as SPY went to press). Three of them have been fired once, two have been fired



BILLY

twice and two resigned (one under pressure). Billy Martin, of course, has been sacked three times and has resigned once. In fairness to Steinbrenner, that's an MPS (managers per season) average of only .643 going into this season—well under one manager per year.

In the front office during the same period, there have been four presidents and five general managers. (By contrast, the Mets have had one general manager since 1980.) And if all the Yankee third-base and pitching coaches under Steinbrenner were laid end to end from home plate, they would probably stretch across East 161st Street and up into Joyce Kilmer Park. And some were very short.

It's Steinbrenner's prerogative to control personnel, but the constant shuffling of key people creates grave problems for a ball club. Former (of course) Yankee president Al Rosen (1978-79) says, "It's good for a team to have continuity. Players are more comfortable in a situation where they know that the coaching staff, the manager and others are going to be around for a while. You can set goals, you can look forward to things. People know what to expect, the scouting staff knows what the front office wants. An organization needs motivation, and that starts at the top."

BAYLOR

In his three Yankee seasons (1983-85), Don Baylor averaged 24 home runs and 88 runs batted in as the team's right-handed designated hitter. But Steinbrenner felt Baylor was ineffectual against right-handed pitchers, and so he demanded that he be



DON

used only against lefties. Baylor, humiliated by the public criticism, demanded to be traded. The Yankees sent him to Boston, practically assuring the Red Sox of a pennant (the Yankees received Mike Easler in exchange).

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: Playing full-time for the Red Sox, Baylor hit 31 home runs, batted in 94 runs and delivered 13 game-winning hits.

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: Trouble, at least in the right-handed designated-hitter spot vacated by

Baylor. Neither Henry Cotto, Dale Berra, Gary Roenicke nor late-season acquisition Ron Kittle (who finished the season with a .217 batting average) could fill the void. Lou Piniella was often obliged to use the left-batting Easler against left-handed pitchers. This certainly contributed to the team's wretched record against left-handers last year: 23 wins, 33 losses.

JACKSON

After leading the Yankees to two world championships (1977 and 1978), Reggie Jackson did have an off year in 1981. Steinbrenner, of course, was convinced that Jackson was finished. So the Yankees failed to meet Jackson's contract demands—the club was too busy signing Dave Collins for \$2.4 million—and he joined the California Angels.



REGGIE

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: In 1982, with the Angels, Jackson hit a league-leading 39 home runs and batted in 101 runs.

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: That same season, Collins hit a piddling 3 homers and batted in only 41 runs. Steinbrenner eventually owned up to *this* blunder (ordinarily when deals backfire he blames his "baseball people"—executives who, after all, take their cues from him).

VARIOUS AND SUNDRY

MAY 1976. *Larry Gura traded to the Kansas City Royals for Fran Healy.*

Why the Yankees ever made this deal remains a mystery.

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: In Gura, the Royals found the mainstay of their pitching corps—the next nine seasons he won 111 games and lost 78.

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: Healy, a part-time catcher who couldn't hit (.250 lifetime), played just 74 games in two and a half years before leaving baseball for broadcasting.

JUNE 1976. *Scott McGregor, Tippy Martinez, Rick Dempsey, Rudy May and Dave Pagan traded to the Baltimore Orioles for Ken Holtzman, Doyle Alexander, Ellie Hendricks, Grant Jackson and Jimmy Freeman.*

This lunatic exchange was perpetrated by Steinbrenner in order to bring an instant pennant to the Bronx. It worked—in the short term. The Yankees won the pennant that year, but what they gave away is still staggering.

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: Martinez became a strong reliever, Dempsey was a reliable catcher for years for Baltimore and perennial winner McGregor has led the Orioles to two pennants.

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: Although pitchers

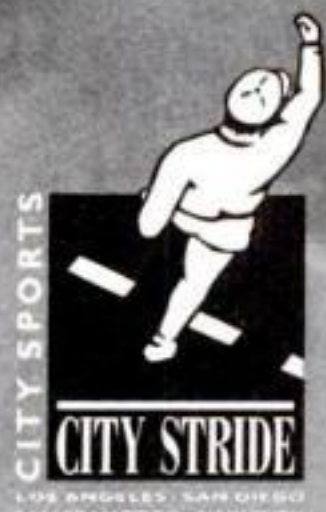
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“Most owners
don’t get
involved in
[trades],” says
Phillies
president Bill
Giles. “But
George deals
from emotions.
He doesn’t wait
for players to
produce”

◆

Holtzman, Jackson and Alexander were a combined 25-12 for the Yankees in 1976, they soon left for other teams.

NOVEMBER 1979. *Chris Chambliss, Damaso Garcia and Paul Mirabella traded to the Toronto Blue Jays for Rick Cerone, Tom Underwood and Ted Wilborn.*

The Yankees required a catcher after Thurman Munson was killed in a plane crash, and Cerone filled that need respectably for a year. The rest of the deal was a disaster.

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: Garcia, by 1982, had become the league's best-hitting second baseman, batting .310 for Toronto. And although Mirabella vanished, Chambliss remained a solid hitter for several seasons.

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: Apart from that single good year from Cerone, very little. The loss of Chambliss created a serious gap at first base, and over the next two seasons the Yankees tried three different men at that position. Outfielder Ted Wilborn, who remained in the minors, was traded away in 1982, and Underwood, in a season and a half of pitching for the Yankees, achieved an unspectacular 14-13 won-lost record.

OCTOBER 1981. *Willie McGee traded to the St. Louis Cardinals for Bob Sykes.*

Sykes, a pitcher with a 2-0 won-lost record with the Cards when the Yankees acquired him, and 21-26 before the 1981 season, was considered a hot prospect by Steinbrenner. He wasn't.

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: McGee was still in the minors when the trade took place, but the fast outfielder was already a proven hitter (.283 and .322 in two seasons with Nashville). In 1982, his rookie season with St. Louis, he hit .296. Over the next two seasons with the Cardinals, he stole 82 bases (the entire Yankee team stole only 146 during the same period) and hit close to .290. Then, in 1985, McGee really made Steinbrenner look foolish: he led the league with a .353 batting average, stole 56 bases and was voted the National League's Most Valuable Player. How could the Yankees have allowed McGee to slip through their fingers? Scouts from the Cardinals were well aware of his potential—they had issued several glowing reports on him. Former Yankee officials would not respond to inquiries, but a high-ranking Cardinals executive was willing to talk, and what he reports is appalling: “The Yankees simply felt McGee didn't have the *brains* to be a good ballplayer. That was their big mistake.”

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: Sykes never made it to the stadium, and finished his career in the minors.

AUGUST 1983. *Jerry Mumphrey traded to the Houston Astros for Omar Moreno.*

When the two center fielders were swapped, Mumphrey was batting .262, Moreno .242. After

the trade, that gap widened appreciably.

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: In 1983 and 1984 Mumphrey hit .336 and .290, respectively, for Houston.

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: Those same seasons, Moreno batted .250 and .259 for the Yankees.

DECEMBER 1983. *Tim Burke traded to the Montreal Expos for Pat Rooney.*

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: Burke has become a young sensation with the Expos, going 9-4 in 1985 (with a dazzling 2.39 ERA) and 9-7 last year (with a 2.93 ERA).

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: Rooney has languished in the minors since the trade.

FEBRUARY 1984. *Otis Nixon traded to the Cleveland Indians for Toby Harrah.*

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: Nixon hit .263 for Cleveland last year.

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: Harrah batted .217 for the Yankees in 1984 and was soon sent to the Texas Rangers.

JUNE 1984. *Shane Rawley traded to the Philadelphia Phillies for Marty Bystrom.*

WHAT THE YANKEES LOST: Rawley pitched a 10-6 season with the Phillies in 1984 and has since had seasons of 13-8 and 11-7.

WHAT THE YANKEES GOT: A marginal 24-22 pitcher with Philadelphia, Bystrom has been similarly so-so in New York—9 games won and 8 lost in two years. Hobbled by a sore right elbow, he missed the entire 1986 season, and his future with the Yankees is still in doubt.

In *The Baseball Trade Register* author Joseph L. Reichler listed four Steinbrenner transactions among the five worst trades in Yankee history. Not a single Steinbrenner deal graced Reichler's five-best list, though the trades for Willie Randolph or Dave Righetti could plausibly have been listed.

Other infamous Yankee acquisitions not already mentioned include Barry Evans, Eric Soderholm, Dave Wehrmeister and Marshall Brant. Then there are such expensive and unproductive free agents as Ed Whitson, Don Gullett, Steve Kemp, Dave Collins and Rawley Eastwick—how many Yankee Old-Timers' Day games will *they* be invited to?

Withal, Steinbrenner portrays himself as a shrewd operator, a great baseball mind. He did this during the Don Mattingly salary affair: After an arbitrator awarded \$1.97 million to the first baseman (acknowledged by his peers as the best player in baseball), Steinbrenner rose to the occasion. Smarting from the trip to his treasury, he attacked the arbitrator, announced that Mattingly would now be expected to lead the Yankees to a championship and sounded his own trumpet: Mattingly, he had to remind everyone, “was discovered by myself.” ☺

*The J&B Scotch Handbook:
New York on the
Spur of the Moment:
traveling
light...*

ORDERING J&B
SCOTCH ALL OVER
THE WORLD



J A M A I C A

A J&B, mon?

This unusually delightful handbook is the third in a series of J&B Scotch promotional supplements to appear in SPY this year. Please extinguish all cigarettes until the captain has turned off the NO SMOKING sign. In the event of a water landing, this J&B Scotch promotional supplement can double as a flotation device. Maybe.

—Lynn Snowden

P H O T O G R A P H S B Y G E O R G E H E I N

it's so exciting!

Whether you're just traveling overnight to your parents' house in Philadelphia or honeymooning in Europe on the Orient Express, or vice versa, there's something about travel that never fails to excite. And it's not just the purchasing-poorly-made-souvenirs and seeing-ancient-ruins-on-a-sweltering-day parts that are exciting. *Every bit* of the travel ritual is exciting in its own way. Just for starters, vaccinations can be a thrill. Then, from the happy anguish of packing your bags (*do I really need an extra belt? are little aerosol cans of bug spray considered chic in Vienna? do they sell J&B in Scotland?*) to the boredom and suspense of long ticket lines (*excuse me—where is the ticket counter for PEOPLExpress?*) to the pulse-

quickenning exotica of endless layovers in foreign airports where a careless immigration clerk smudges the stamp on your passport so your friends won't believe you were really in Brunei for three hours, it all adds up to one thing: *excitement*. Some people think of travel as a diversion, to others it's more of a need, and to certain others (whom we'd rather not sit next to on the flight and certainly not share a taxi with once we disembark) it's a calling. But no matter, even that gentleman to your left with the lap-top computer who manages to hog both armrests and kick you in the shin every time he crosses his legs is exciting in his own annoying way and is adding to the general excitement of your travel experience. He is. Really. Trust us.

Travel can be exciting

even if you're only going motoring—even if you're only headed a few minutes west. But to generate some pretravel electricity before a trip to Paramus, you'll need to prepare as you would for a six-week trek across the Gobi. Start with our handy checklist.

the armchair traveler

Sometimes air travel is so delightful that you just don't want the experience to end. And even when circumstances prevent you from traveling, you

NEW JERSEY TRAVEL CHECKLIST

There's nothing more annoying than pulling up to the first of scores of Garden State Parkway tollbooths to realize—*But honey, I thought you packed the rolls of quarters!*—that you've forgotten to bring along exact change. And that's probably not the only thing you forgot. Here's a handy predeparture checklist for the Jersey-bound adventurer:

- Valid driver's license accompanied by New Jersey travel visa and/or New Jersey work permit
- Doctor's certificate for gamma globulin shot and tetanus booster
- 165-volt electrical-outlet adapter
- Currency exchange calculator (\$1.00 U.S. = \$1.15 Jersey)
- A glossary of conversational Jerseyese (e.g., *Hey—no way, pal, You and whose mother? and What's this, a toxic dump?*)
- Topographical maps of Greater Elizabeth
- Unopened bottle of J&B Scotch

PASSPORT PHOTOS: DOS AND DON'TS

Now that U.S. passports are good for a full ten years, you'll have to live with the same passport photo for the next decade. Here are some essential tactics for getting the best passport photo possible:

- **DON'T** put it off until the last minute, which will force you to accept whatever photos you have taken by the little Samoan man outside the passport office.
- **DO** opt for black-and-white pictures. They are more flattering for any skin. And while black-and-whites make you look like a criminal, color pictures make you look like a crime victim.
- **DON'T** wear a turban or any sort of headdress. They may go out of fashion in a few years, and they will cause you unnecessary delays at passport control.
- **DO** smile. A cheerful passport picture may help reinforce the image of a citizen too happy to smuggle contraband.
- **DON'T** wear a tie or a shirt with any collar that could be laughed at nine years from now.
- **DON'T** swig out of a bottle of J&B Scotch while waiting to be photographed. Prepare a thermos of J&B Scotch sours before you leave home and sip from a chilled highball glass.



don't have to deprive yourself of the wonderful amenities that only modern air travel can provide.

Buy J&B Scotch in single-serving bottles and serve yourself each cocktail in a plastic cup over three small, square ice cubes. "Pay" for the drinks by giving \$3 to your sister or to an excessively well coiffed male friend in a blue blazer.

Prepare Salisbury steak, rice and French-cut green beans in one plastic container and smother with a generous serving of "gravy." Cover it with plastic wrap, pop it in the microwave, and you'll have a meal fit for a coach passenger.

Serve your meal on a TV tray while reclining on your favorite Barcalounger. For an added touch, wear your Walkman and listen to motivational-training tapes or an easy-listening station—or, even better, rent a movie (Kenny Rogers's *Six Pack* or Sylvester Stallone's *Rhinestone* would serve nicely) that did terribly at the box office.

Turn off all the lights in your apartment except one small high-intensity lamp directly over your head and read a Jackie Collins novel or any paperback with an embossed foil cover. Stay up well past your bedtime.

When you finally do feel the urge to sleep, cover yourself in your reclining chair with a thin synthetic blanket that is too short to cover both your chest and your feet. Then slide your shoes off, slump over, and wake up with a stiff neck—but feeling exactly as if you're about to begin a vacation!

ORDERING J&B
SCOTCH ALL OVER
THE WORLD



F R A N C E

*Si je puisse être si
audacieuse, pouvez-
vous préparer pour
moi une verre de
whisky scotch, celui
qu'on appelle J&B,
s'il vous plaît?*

(If I may be so
bold, could you
possibly prepare
me a glass of the
Scotch whisky
they call J&B,
please?)

J&B AND THE MEANING OF LIFE

by a Seeker of Enlightenment and Good Scotch, but Not Necessarily at the Same Time or Even in That Order

It was in August, just before Ivan Boesky was sentenced. There I was, sitting in Cafe Luxembourg, flipping through back issues of *Cosmopolitan*, *Rolling Stone* and *SPY*. (Sitting was still problematic, owing to the grueling workout I had gotten from the Herald Square Fitness Center earlier that week.) On my way to the workout I had been wandering around downtown, checking out chic home furnishings at Urban Bob-Kat on Spring Street and equally chic clothes at New Republic, hoping to find something that would go with my new Kenneth Cole sandals or my Susan Bennis Warren Edwards flats. Well, the workout complete, I dragged myself to the Doral Park Avenue Hotel for a quick nap, where this bellboy told me (and I didn't even ask) that if I really wanted to know about the meaning of life, I should sell all my possessions, go to Nepal and seek out a certain state-of-the-art wise man—a close personal friend of the Dalai Lama, he claimed. The bellboy was wearing a Henry Grethel shirt, pants from Urban Outfitters and a rather becoming monster mask from Forbidden Planet, for what it's worth. So, as I was saying, I was sitting in Cafe Luxembourg, showing off my Joan Vass outfit, sipping on a lemon-lime Soho Natural Soda, and I thought about how hard it would be to liquidate the huge neorealist canvases I had bought in June from Avenue B Gallery, but that and all the R. Crumbs from St. Mark's Comics had to go, along with my reggae collection from Island, that exquisite ancient/modern lamp from Jerrystyle and my library, assembled largely through the Quality Paperback Book Club. Not to mention my Esprit denims and my heat/massage mat from The Sharper Image. And then, in the middle of my own personal Everything-Must-Go-Lost-My-Lease-and-My-Prudence clearance sale on the sidewalk in front of Cooper Union, I figured that complete bereftness was not required, and so I decided to keep my Guess? jeans, a shirt by Carbonell, plus a Nicole Miller dress (to wear when I meet the Answerer of All Quandaries; I mean, I wanted to look nice for the big moment), some Quad Stationery and my Mark Cross pen to record any epiphanies and to chronicle the journey to Nepal. So, I called Virgin Atlantic Airways but they didn't have service to Kathmandu, so I had to make other arrangements. After a huge farewell party at Caroline's, and more intimate parting affairs at Odéon, Two Eleven, Fiasco, Roebing's and Nadine's, as well as a frozen-margarita binge at Cinco De Mayo, I packed my Delsey bags and left town. Not quite on the spur of the moment, but, well, you do what you have to. I arrived in Nepal, which looks exactly like they said it would at Abbeville Press, and I finally met the great man. I said to him, "I've sold all of my possessions." (Well, not all of them, but he doesn't know that.) "I've traveled thousands of miles to ask you: *What is the meaning of life?*" He tugged at his Cutlass & Moore shirt, which looked great under his Elbow Beach Hotel bathrobe, and checked his Swatch watch before he said, in a very nonchalant, you-want-to-go-to-the-World-Trade-Center-Observation-Deck-tonight? tone of voice, "The meaning of life is a freshly opened bottle of J&B Scotch." I was stunned. "You mean I sold all of my stuff, quit my job at Exterminator Chili, left my friends and family behind, traveled halfway around the world, and you tell me the meaning of life is a bottle of J&B Scotch?" As I stormed out I heard his meek retort "What—you mean it *isn't*?"

Sometimes you find yourself with a burning desire to visit Europe, but you just can't afford the time off. Or maybe you feel like going to the Far East, but only for the day. Perhaps you haven't realized that there are many ways to experience life abroad without actually getting a passport or boarding a plane. That's right—*stamp collecting*, the richly rewarding hobby that can take you around the world right in your own home, with colorful commemoratives from Togo to Tasmania, postage-due issues from Bogotá to Budapest. . . .

No, no; just kidding. In fact, the simulated tourism we have in mind entails a dive into the rich melting pot of New York City. And what could be more suited to spur-of-the-moment mobility than the New York subway system? (Ask the token booth

clerk about the MTA's frequent-rider program through which you can earn discounts, upgrades, free trips and fancy accommodations. Go ahead. Ask.) To wit:

Russia Without a Visa: Visit Brighton Beach, Brooklyn. Authentic natives, authentic foods, authentic sense of dread and gloom. (*From Manhattan, take the D train to the Brighton Beach stop.*)

A Night in the Ukraine: Wander 7th Street between Avenue A and Second Avenue. Eat enormous sausages, drink lots of beer—and spot more Nikita Khrushchev impersonators than anywhere this side of Kiev. (*From uptown, take the No. 6 train to the Astor Place stop. Head east.*)

China Without Jet Lag: Visit ever-expanding Chinatown—no longer just south of Canal Street and east of Broadway. Thrill to street and subway signs written in a language you can't understand . . . the little pagodas atop phone booths . . . and the distinct sense that the throngs of young would-be Bruce Lees are about to engage in a bit of tong warfare in which you will end up a hapless pedestrian casualty. (*From uptown, take the N, R or No. 6 train to the Canal Street stop.*)

One-stop Asia: Elmhurst, Queens, suddenly has more Koreans, Chinese, Vietnamese, Cambodians, Thai, Indians and Pakistanis than Columbus Avenue has nicely brought-up young Jewish people. Science has not yet determined the number of egg roll variations available in Elmhurst. (*From Manhattan, take the No. 7 train to the 90th Street/Elmhurst Avenue stop.*)

Italy Without Feeling Pressured to See Any Art: Wander through Little Italy for the parts of Italy everyone loves best: the food (tortellini, cannoli) and drink (Sambuca Romana, Chianti, Amaretto di Saronno). (*From uptown, take the No. 6 train to the Spring Street stop.*)

Greece With Good Food: Astoria is in Queens, but it is closer to the Upper East Side than the Upper East Side is to the Upper West Side. Besides, the authentic Greek experience is all about island-hopping, and Manhattan to Long Island is easier than Patmos-to-Santorino. A Spur-of-the-Moment Tip: Break any and all crockery you see and Astorians will embrace you like a member of the family. Really. Honest. Trust us. (*From Manhattan, take the N train to the Astoria Blvd./Hoyt Avenue stop.*)

All of Europe in One Day: It sounds ambitious, but if you're really only interested in eating and drinking (J&B Scotch) and maybe a place to get your film developed, Busch Gardens, The Old Country, in Williamsburg, Virginia, has all of Europe *plus* lots of fun rides for everyone. And unlike Europe, there are ordinarily no terrorist gunmen waiting to spray passengers disembarking at Patrick Henry International Airport. (*Take the JFK Express to the airport and catch a flight to Newport News, Virginia.*)

not actual foreign travel, but an incredible simulation
travelmama!

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THE WORLD



J A P A N

恒例の、
名刺交換が
終わったら、
J&Bスコッチで
乾杯！
派手にお金を
遣いましょう。

(After we ex-
change business
cards, may I pay
you a huge sum
for some J&B
Scotch?)



be there now!

becoming a spur-of-the-moment traveler

We've made it easy for you. We've already chosen the exact moment that you're to act on the spur of: it's the evening of Friday, September 18, at which time you'll get a nutty, crazy, irresistible hankering to fly far, far away. It will happen. Trust us. *But don't plan, or even think about it again until then.* Otherwise you'll spoil the devil-may-care spontaneity that we've worked so hard to create. Simply pack your passport and a few credit cards and head out to the airport after work that Friday. (Remember: J&B Scotch can be purchased in the duty-free store.) The flights listed are ideal for spur-of-the-moment traveling since they don't require 72-hour advance ticket purchases. Prices are also spur-of-the-mo-

SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT EMERGENCY MODE:

TRAVEL-BY-BLUFFING

Acting spontaneous may mean there's no time to make the requisite reservations, but there's still no reason you can't eat in the restaurant of your choice or fly the most convenient plane or stay at the right hotel. Spur-of-the-Moment Tip: Before attempting any bluff recommended here, gulp a fortifying glass of J&B Scotch.

RESTAURANT BLUFF

While the maitre d' is seating another couple, discreetly scan the list of reservations for a name marked down for a half hour from now. Explain to the maitre d' that you're a little early and use that name. When the real couple comes in, first exclaim, "Your name is Brady, too? You wouldn't be my cousins the Cleveland Bradys, would you?" After this sort of chat has worn thin, say, "My secretary made this reservation yesterday. Someone here must've thought your reservation was already marked down as mine." Spur-of-the-Moment Tip: Bring enough cash to cover the bill.

AIRLINE BLUFF

Most airlines have outmoded, overburdened computer systems and may well assume that if they don't see your name, it's their fault. Remember to exude confidence when giving your name and have your credit card at the ready, as if you are assuming there won't be a problem. If they say they always mail tickets to passengers, say, "I'm in the process of moving and asked if it would be okay to simply pick them up at the airport, and the reservation clerk assured me it would be all right. She even took my credit card number on the telephone!" Begin to get agitated, heightening your display of displeasure until they cave in; at the very least they'll let you wait for the next flight in the first-class lounge.

HOTEL BLUFF

Any hotel worth a struggle for admission has spare rooms set aside for surprise visits by celebrities, royalty or billionaire arms dealers. Before seeking entry, ride the elevator once or twice and ask the operator in his native tongue (never the language of the country you're in) what notables are frequent visitors to the hotel. Approach the registration desk and ask for one of the rooms reserved for the Rod Stewart/Princess Cindy of Finland/Sultan of Skim party. When told that that party is not due to check in until next week/month/year, respond that you've just returned from a trek in Nepal and could you possibly get a room until you can sort things out. If that doesn't work, try to bribe him with a bottle of J&B Scotch. And once you get the room, insist on a minibar stocked with J&B and ice. Do it. Trust us.

THE EXPERTS SPEAK: TIPS FROM THE JET SET

"Where do you go on the spur of the moment?"

Architect Philip "I Was There in '31 When It Was Still Perfect" Johnson: "Never take a vacation. If you like your work, that should be relaxation enough. Vacations fry your brain. You wouldn't want that to happen."

Novelist Tama "When's the Luau Start?" Janowitz:

"My favorite kind of vacation is when a man takes me somewhere; it doesn't matter where. Other than that, vacations are work if you're a houseguest, so I'd rather stay home."

TV critic Katie "I'm Really a Riot on Long Cruises" Kelly:

"Anywhere there isn't a beach. I'm about to go mule riding in Morocco, which is almost like a beach, but not really. I just showed vacation slides from my trip to East Africa on the show [Live at Five]. It's shameless, I know, but it's one good way to write it off on your taxes."

ment: this is what you would pay right before take-off, providing there was a seat available—and they are all one-way. (Of course they are one-way; round-trip purchase entails too much planning. Alter your expectations. Abandon your slavish devotion to bourgeois convention. Whatever happens, happens. Be here now. Drop out, tune in, have a glass of J&B Scotch.)

5:50 p.m.—An easy first adventure for those new to spur-of-the-moment escapades: Continental Airlines flight #865 to Los Angeles (\$347). As soon as you decide you hate it there—say, 15 minutes after landing—you'll have 10 minutes to catch Qantas Airways flight #12 to Sydney, Australia (\$1,234), which arrives sometime Sunday.

6:45 p.m.—Want to get a good tan, get some bargains on woolens and see a right-wing dictatorship up close? Climb aboard Lan Chile Airlines flight #145 to Santiago, Chile (\$834).

7:30 p.m.—Finnair flight #112 to Helsinki, Finland (\$774). Finns tend to be very odd looking, but they are diligent drinkers. Spur-of-the-Moment Language Tip: The handy Finnish phrase *Alvar Aalto* means "hello," "goodbye," "thank you," "help me—I'm suffocating" and "where can I find a restaurant that serves something other than marinated herring?" Really. Honest.

7:30 p.m.—Alitalia Airlines flight #601 to Milan, Italy (\$734). Right now is the annual international furniture fair in Milan. If anybody asks you a question, answer, "Naugahyde."

7:30 p.m.—Continental Airlines flight #28 to London, England (\$375). Defy tradition. Skip the hotel. Freeload off a Brit.

7:30 p.m.—Aerolineas Argentinas #333 to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (\$765). Get in the mood (and alarm fellow passengers): every few minutes during the nine-hour flight, wink and swivel your shoulders Carmen Miranda-style.

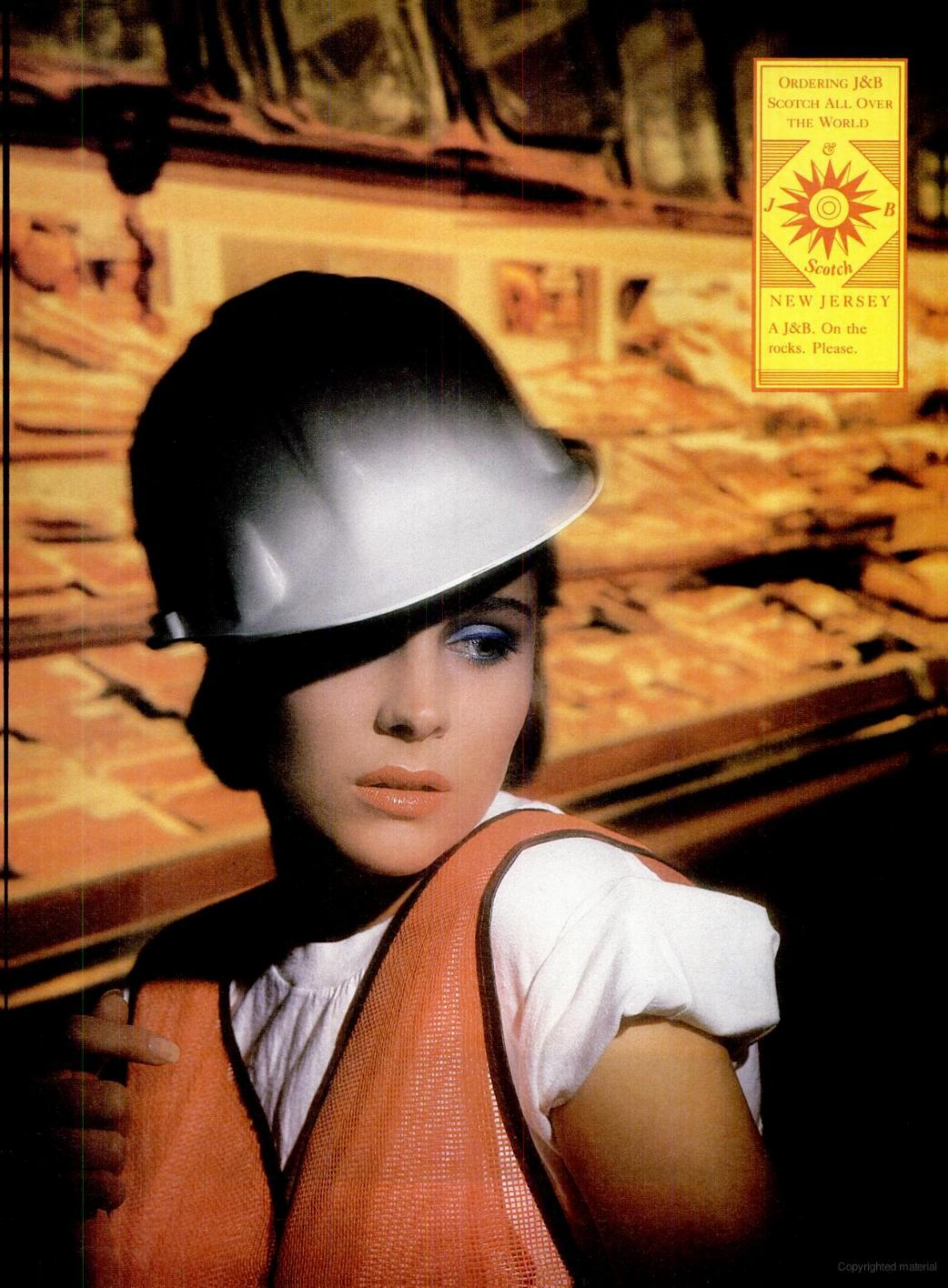
8:15 p.m.—Air-India flight #110 to Bombay, India (\$1,134). They will ask you if you packed your own luggage, and since everything you'll be carrying will have been purchased in airport shops, it shouldn't be a problem.

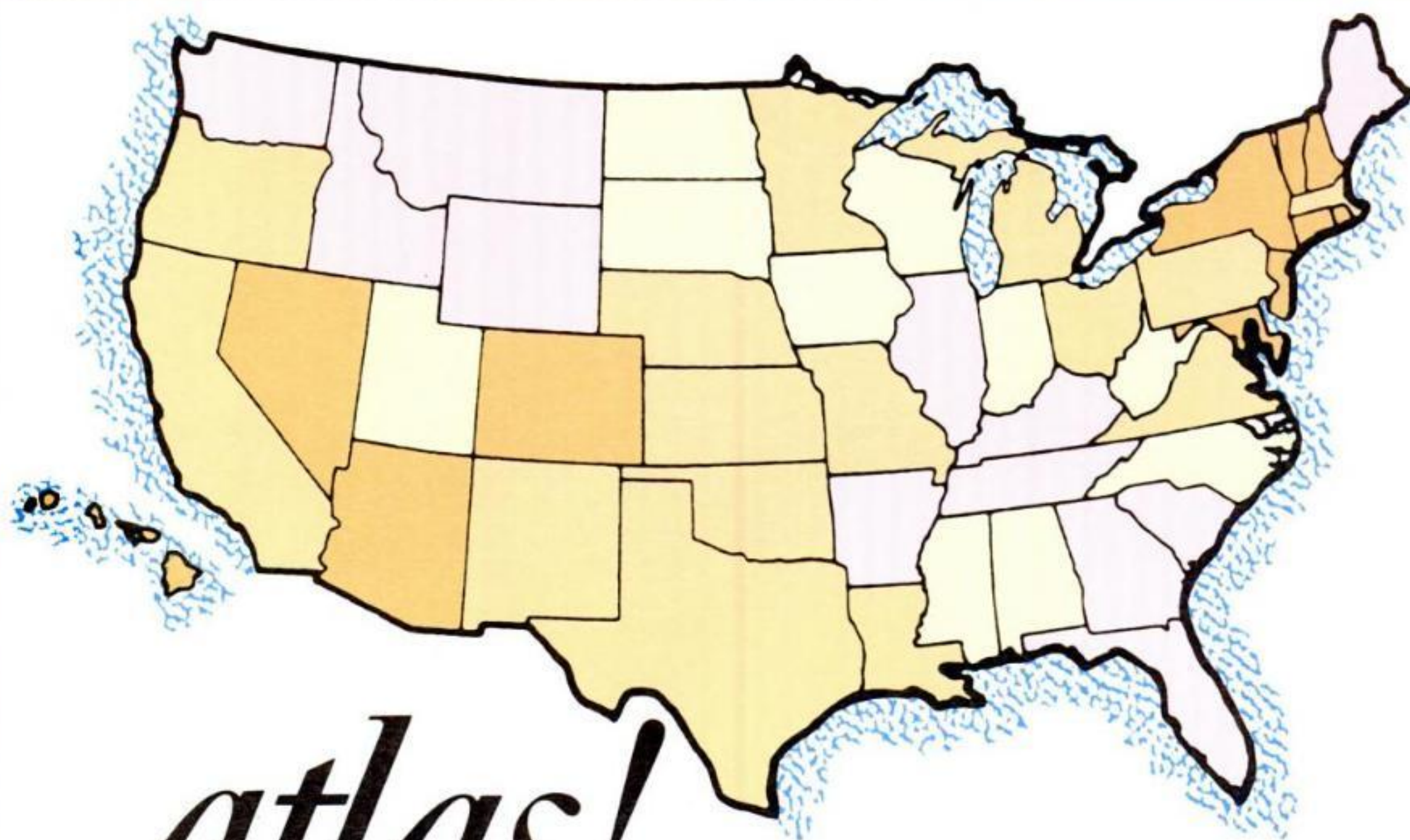
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SCOTCH ALL OVER
THE WORLD



NEW JERSEY

A J&B. On the
rocks. Please.





atlas!

Tragically, there are some places in the world, *and even right here in the United States*, that actually forbid the consumption of alcohol—or at least deprive their citizens of the opportunity to purchase it. Therefore, make sure you know what you're getting into if you get the urge to visit any of the following places on the spur of the moment:

Bangladesh
Iran
Saudi Arabia
much of Martha's Vineyard,
Massachusetts

some of Alabama
parts of Texas
sections of Florida
bits of Georgia
almost half of Mississippi

- Lots of Scotch poured generously here, and often
- Healthy amounts of Scotch consumed here
- Shows improvement
- Uncharted Scotch drinking territory
- Water

THE TWO JAMAICAS:

Telling the Difference Between These Oft-confused Vacation Spots

	JAMAICA, ISLAND OF	JAMAICA, QUEENS
INHABITANTS:	formerly subjects of the Queen	residents of Queens
FLORA:	exotic and abundant flowers	near Floral Park and close to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden
NATURAL WONDERS:	Dunn's River Falls, a spectacular waterfall	Baisley Pond, an unpolluted body of water
BRILLIANT DISPLAYS:	brightly colored buildings	brightly colored billboards
IMPORTANT EXPORTS:	coffee	coffee-drinking office workers
INSPIRATIONAL SONG:	<i>Many Rivers to Cross</i>	<i>Uptown Girl</i>
INDIGENOUS HAIRSTYLE:	dreadlocks	dreadful
HELPFUL NEIGHBORS:	Cuba	Cuban restaurateurs
JOYOUS CELEBRATIONS:	international music festivals	local street fairs
FAMOUS LOCAL MARTYR:	Bob Marley	Donald Manes
CONVENIENT ACCESS:	Air Jamaica's clean, quiet, high-speed jets	MTA's clean, quiet, high-speed E and F trains

ANSWERS TO TRAVEL QUESTIONS YOU NEVER THOUGHT TO ASK by a Famous Scientist

- It is not actually possible to gain days or weeks by traveling across the international date line several times. You will lose them going back the other way.
- Travel at the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) whenever possible. It may be more expensive, but scientists agree it can slow the aging process considerably—which means no more jet lag grumpiness upon arrival.
- When traveling at the speed of light in your car, remember that your headlights will have no effect whatsoever.
- Despite rumors to the contrary, it is not possible to climb to the top of Mount Everest and, since the rest of the world is lower, hang glide all the way home.



Please **SEND**
ME THE **SPY** T-SHIRT, MADE OF
WASHABLE, WEARABLE 100% COTTON.

AVAILABLE

ONLY IN BLACK WITH YELLOW LOGO.

It Is the Hep and Swanky In-Crowd T-Shirt!

ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

(NO CASH OR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED)

FOR \$12 (INCLUDES POSTAGE AND

HANDLING). SPECIFY QUANTITY, DETACH

COUPON AND MAIL TO:

SPY, 295 LAFAYETTE ST., NY, NY 10012

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

QUANTITY: _____ S _____ M _____ L _____ XL TOTAL ENCLOSED: \$ _____

OFFER LIMITED TO U.S. AND CANADA. CANADIAN RESIDENTS PLEASE PAY \$18.
GOOD ONLY WHILE SUPPLY LASTS. PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS DELIVERY.

5

JAMAICA

Hurtle through a wall of warm air.

Swoop and soar above the turquoise sea.

And laugh aloud with the sheer joy of it.

Come Back To Excitement.



3. FRESH EGGS. Every Thursday in the East Village you can purchase eggs laid the day before in New Jersey—and best of all, you never have to set foot in the state! Fresh Jersey Eggs, 72 East 7th Street, between First and Second Avenues.

2. STREET CLOCK. When the digital clock atop the Newsweek Building shuts down at midnight, these graceful timepieces will still tell you how late you are. This one (among the last three) is on Fifth Avenue north of 23rd Street.

1. PENNY GUM-BALL MACHINE. Every supermarket has the ugly plastic machines that vend rubber octopuses and photos of Michael Jackson for a quarter, but there are only a handful of one-penny machines left, and sadly, these are often empty. At Ray's, 113 Avenue A, between 7th Street and St. Marks Place.

20. LIONEL MADISON TRAINS. While today's fickle kids stock up on Gobots and Garbage Pail Kids, this store attracts a more sophisticated, loyal clientele—sweet old geezers who love to wander among the floor-to-ceiling shelves of vintage trains. 105 East 23rd Street.

19. HEAD SHOP. Stores that sell Zig Zag still flourish all over town, but only a few diehards are still bop enough to call themselves head shops. 247 West 42nd Street.

18. SKEE-BALL. Among crowds of trembling 19-year-olds buying fake IDs, Coney Island redux. Playland, 1485 Broadway, between 42nd and 43rd Streets.

17. R. GROSS DAIRY RESTAURANT. One of a handful of surviving places that were serving vegetable cutlets before they were cool, and continue to serve them now that they're uncool. 1372 Broadway, between 37th and 38th Streets.

THE SPY MAP OF MANHATTAN'S ENDANGERED SPECIES

— BY ANDY YALE —

Even as the Trumps and Macklowes of the world continue to "improve" the look of our city in ways we will someday thank them for, the remnants of an older, more charming New York survive here and there. More charming than the huge new waste-treatment plant on the Hudson, or those flying beams that kill promising young actors? We think so. And we recommend keeping your eyes open for these relics before they go the way of the dusky seaside sparrow, late of this planet.

4. KIDDIE KAR. The youth version of Magic Fingers, this miniature stationary race car jiggles around in a lackadaisical way that kids still somehow find thrilling. East 23rd Street between Park and Lexington.

5. GOOD HUMOR TRUCK. Before DoveBars and Frozfruits, kids would filch quarters for "dixie cups" that came with their own strange, flat wooden utensil. This truck is usually parked on 57th Street and Fifth Avenue.

6. THE CHECKER CAB. The best idea in New York transportation history, often seen in vintage Bugs Bunny cartoons, fewer than 120 of these lovable bulks-with-jump-seats survive.



16. GEM SPA. This candy store—cum—newsstand still dares to dispense unwrapped New York street food like these virulent-looking strawberry sandwich cookies for a nickel. St. Marks Place and Second Avenue.



15. MARKET DINER. Why go to Jams or America or any of the city's other pricey home-cooking restaurants, when you can eat at their role model, the endangered diner? Corner of West and Lighthouse Streets.

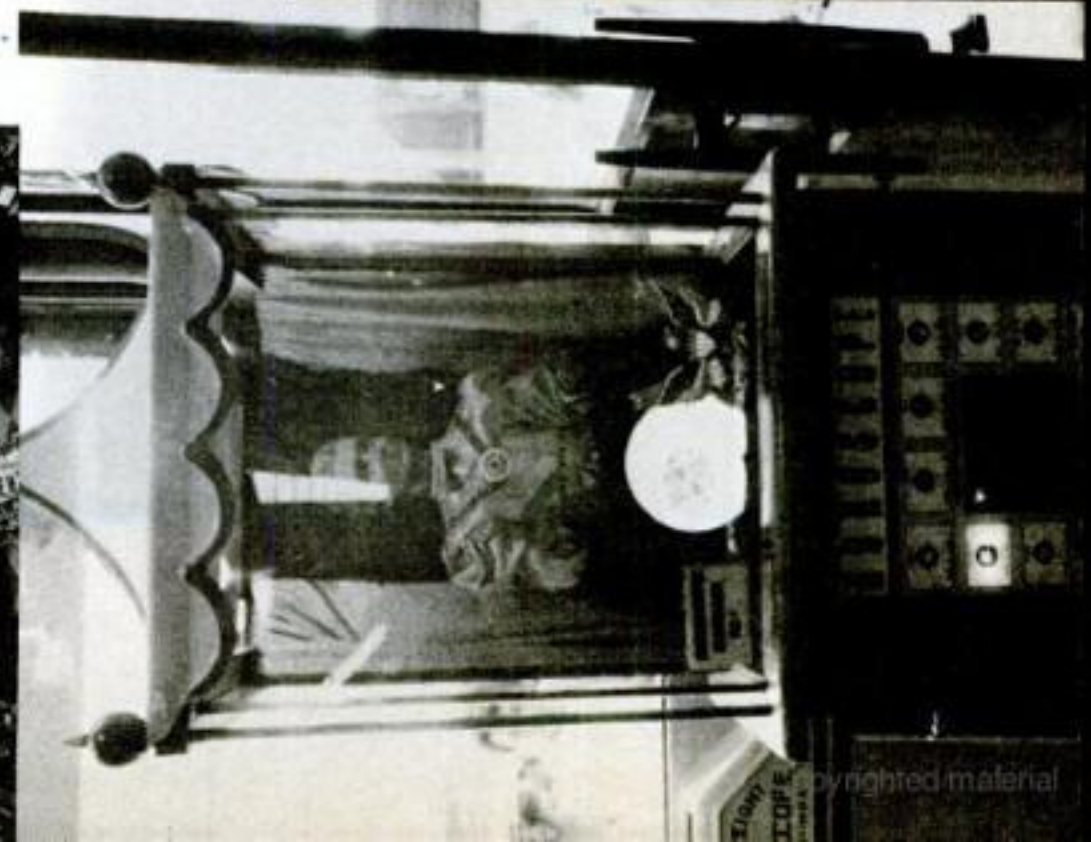


14. LASCOFF'S APOTHECARY. One of the last compounding pharmacies in the city, Lascoff's will make your prescriptions from scratch. Much more atmosphere than CVS, too. Lexington Avenue at 82nd Street.

13. GYPSY HOROSCOPE WITCH. A pre-Shirley MacLaine favorite, this mechanical fortune-teller dispenses your horoscope for a quarter at Playland, 1485 Broadway, between 42nd and 43rd Streets.



12. TOWEL STEAMER-STERILIZER. There was a time when barbershops were bastions of lazy male rituals, immortalized by the line "I gets up. I goes to the track, I goes for a shave and the day is shot." One of the last towel steamers can be found at Royal Barber Shop, 16 St. Marks Place.



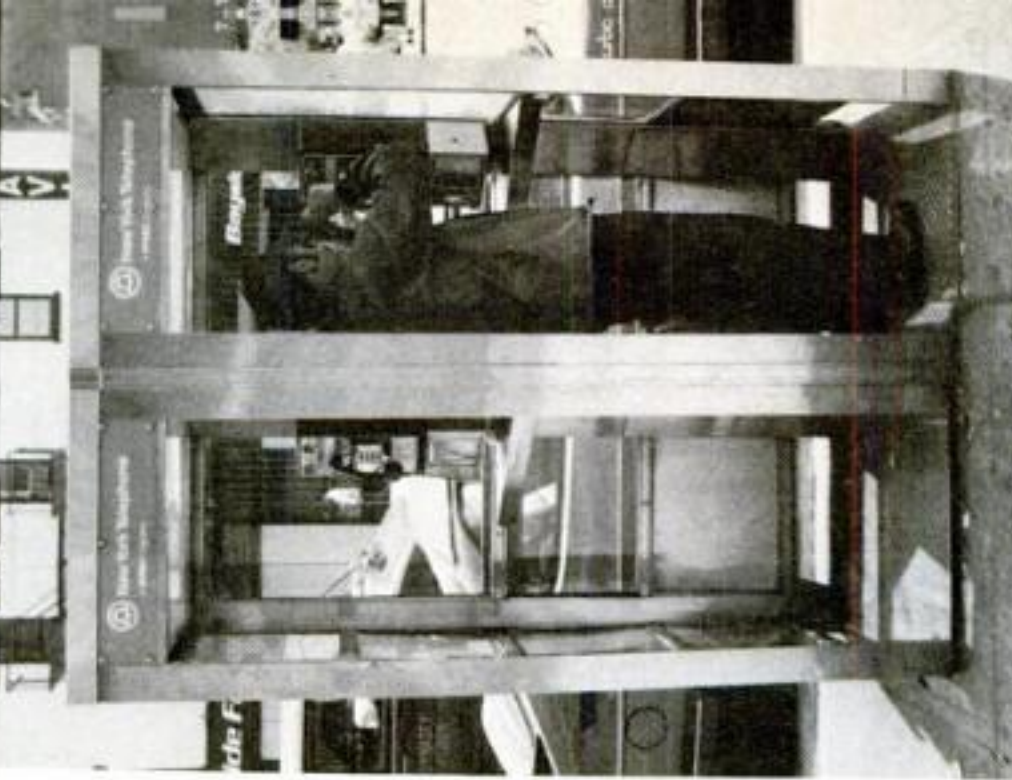
11. NUNS IN HABIT. In these godless times, we think that the rapidly vanishing crisp black-and-white wool nun's habit is far more chic than the crosses dangling from Billy Idol's ear. Nuns can sometimes be spotted on stretches of Thompson Street.



7. LEXINGTON CANDY SHOP. This luncheonette, complete with booths, soda fountain, a malted machine and white-jacketed counterwomen, has been serving up high-cholesterol, all-American staples in picturesque surroundings since 1925. 1226 Lexington Avenue, at 83rd Street.

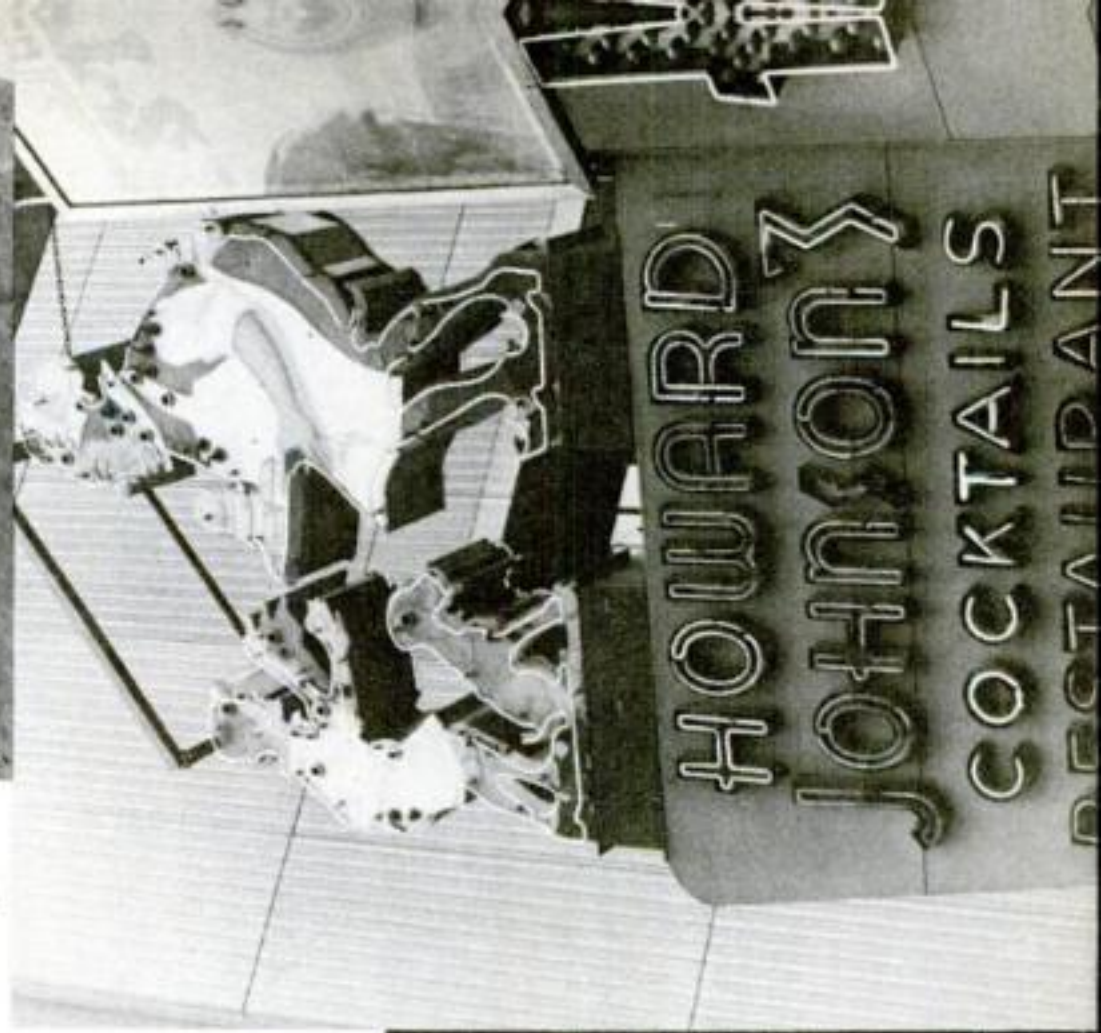
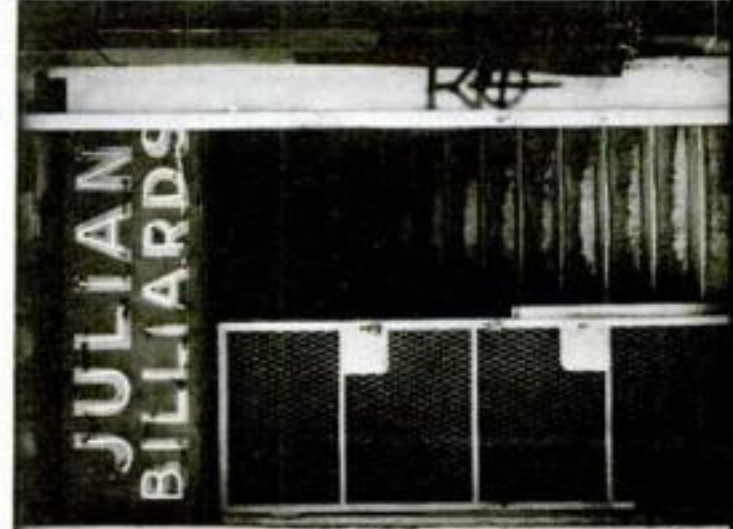


8. PHONE BOOTHS. Unless rambunctious youths have twisted off the receivers, you can still have a relatively private conversation at one of a handful of existing enclosed telephone booths. These are at 23rd Street and Third Avenue.



9. HOWARD JOHNSON'S. Hojo's used to have three Times Square locations, adding a familiar suburban touch for terrified out-of-towners. Demolition has claimed two, but Simple Simon still meets the pie man at 1551 Broadway, at 46th Street.

10. JULIAN BILLIARD ACADEMY. Despite the resurgence of pool as a pastime for the hip slumming set, Julian's, with its wooden floors and smoky lighting, is the last surviving pool hall south of 125th Street, 138 East 14th Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues.



For many people, life is a series of high-stakes business deals, ferociously pursued—including courtship and marriage. Yes, this is 1987; loveless marriage is chic again. And even though we, like you, find the whole business appalling and sad and sordid and vulgar, once we started, we couldn't stop listening to **NELL SCOVELL** explain



1.

How to Marry a



2.



4.



3.

Gayfryd Steinberg grew up in a rented house in Vancouver, British Columbia, the daughter of a telephone company clerk. Today she lives with her husband, the overfed conglomerateur Saul Steinberg, in an art-clogged Park Avenue triplex that used to belong to John D. Rockefeller Jr.

The apartment measures roughly 28,000 square feet, larger than Tiffany's three sales floors combined. Paintings by Titian, Rubens and Frans Hals hang in the public rooms. A lesser artist such as Renoir is placed in Gayfryd Steinberg's powder room.

Barbara "Basia" Piasecka Johnson emigrated from Poland in 1968 with

millionaire

\$100 and sufficient cleaning skills to get a chambermaid's job in the home of J. Seward Johnson, the late nutty Johnson & Johnson heir and marine biology buff. Three years later she had stopped doing windows, married her boss and begun overseeing construction of Jasna Polana ("Bright Meadow"), a \$30 million Palladian mansion of wretched excess on 140 acres in Princeton, New Jersey. The grounds include a 72-foot-long swimming pool surrounded by Greek and Roman antiquities

 **GOLD-**
diggers
of 1987



5.



6.



7.



8.

KEY

1. Alexis Maas Carson 2. Johnny Carson 3. Gloria Steinem 4. Mortimer Zuckerman 5. Gayfryd Steinberg 6. Saul Steinberg 7. Harry Helmsley 8. Leona Helmsley

and a \$78,000 orchid house.

Patricia Rose Kluge climbed to the top in the demanding field of belly dancing. She was soon posing for nude photo spreads and writing a titillating bedroom how-to column for the English sex magazine *Knave*. "The raunchier her full-frontal pictures, the better, as far as she was concerned," says George Harrison Marks, one of the photographers who shot her. That was in the 1970s. In 1981 she was married, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, to billionaire John Kluge, the stockholder-bamboozling Metromedia chairman. They now spend weekends near Charlottesville, Virginia, on their 4,000-acre farm.

IN THIS PLUTOCRATIC LEAGUE, a marriage proposal is essentially a business proposition. Just as the business school student pores over financial case studies to construct models for future success, so the golddigger can benefit from studying the lives of some of our most prominent men and women. Marrying wealth is more science than art: it requires pluck, determination, appetite and a few tried-and-true golddigging methods, elaborated below. And love? Well, in the arranged marriages of old, husband and wife often grew to love each other after 40 years or so. In the meantime, you can close your eyes and think of Bergdorf's.

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT: *A millionaire is never too physically repulsive, and certainly never too old, to marry.* Consider Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. It's hard to say which took more courage—facing the cameras at her first husband's funeral or French-kissing Aristotle Onassis. Was she blinded by love or by the kind of dollar signs that used to pop into Porky Pig's eyes whenever he thought of a get-rich-quick scheme?

Porky Pig look-alike Saul Steinberg must have been wearing some powerful cologne on his first "date" with Gayfryd, which took place in 1982 when she returned from London, having just dumped her second husband, Norman Johnson. "You know, I thought, *this is a very attractive guy*," Gayfryd told her chief New York courtier and embarrassingly enrapt biographer, Tina Brown, in *Vanity Fair*. "Anyway, I was looking for someone to be bad with that night, and this seemed to be it." *Very attractive*, did she say?

Some students of golddigging would argue that the older the millionaire, the better. One socialite supposedly tried to talk Revlon co-founder Charles Revson into marrying her as he lay on his deathbed in 1975. She mourned his passing—but not for long. Today she's married to a soft-hearted man worth more than \$700 million who bears an uncanny resemblance to his bulldog. Her marriage is not without risk: husbands and wives often grow to look alike.

"I could never get along with younger men," Pia Zadora said back in 1982. "They were too easy for

OUR GOLDDIGGER HALL OF FAME



PAMELA DIGBY



MARRIED

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL
son of Winston

LELAND HAYWARD
agent-producer

AVERELL HARRIMAN
Union Pacific scion

BROOKE RUSSELL



MARRIED

DRYDEN KUSER
millionaire-distillery buff

BUDDIE MARSHALL
investor

VINCENT ASTOR
Hudson Bay Company heir

BARBARA "BABE"
CUSHING



MARRIED

STANLEY MORTIMER JR.
sportsman-investor

WILLIAM S. PALEY
CBS founder

(CONTINUED)

me. Younger men are kind of groping for themselves." Zadora preferred the gropings of charmless little Rapid-American chairman Meshulam Riklis, whom she started dating when she was 17 and he was 46. They married four years later. Other members of the Double-or-Nothing Club—women who marry men twice their age (and at least ten times their net worth)—include Diane Hartford (former wife of madman Huntington Hartford), Roxanne Pulitzer and the Mmes. Kluge and Johnson. (Seventy-six-year-old J. Seward Johnson married Basia *eight days* after he divorced his second wife.)

Never assume that a married man is off-limits. Plenty of married men are available—and can become eligible—under the right circumstances. CBS chairman William S. Paley didn't last a week between marriages. He married Barbara "Babe" Cushing Mortimer just days after his Reno divorce from Dorothy Hart Hearst in 1947. Carolyn Roehm and Henry Kravis like to tell the story of how her mother accompanied them on their first date. How quaint. How respectable. They could have made it a foursome, except that Henry's wife at the time, Hedi, must have been busy that night.

There is one prominent wealthy, married man, however, who *is* off-limits. Pretender to the Danish nobility Claus von Bülow has said that he and his comatose wife, Sunny, would have divorced if what happened hadn't happened. As it is, he is in limbo until her death, at which point he will inherit the \$8 million apartment at 960 Fifth Avenue, a mansion in Newport and \$14 million of her \$75 million fortune. Even then, however, it is doubtful that any woman would want to become the next—and possibly late—Mrs. Claus von Bülow.

TEST-MARKETING: *Tony dinner parties and appropriately named fundraisers are perfect places to meet unwary millionaires.* Catch them on the rebound, just after coffee: think what an impression you can make on someone who has been seated next to a stolid matron discussing endangered wildlife all through dinner.

"I met my husband through friends—not at a party," says Susan Gutfreund, a former stewardess who's now married to Salomon Brothers chairman John Gutfreund. "I know a lot of people with glamour stories—like they were stuck in an airport together. But we were introduced through friends."

Millionaires often don't have time for shopping. They like to hire people to buy them clothes, furniture, art—and, so it seems, companions. *Art dealers, adept at acquiring beautiful objects for rich clients, are also, naturally, good at acquiring beautiful young women for rich clients.* Dealer Donna Acquavella introduced former Miss Israel Judy Mazor to her future husband, Alfred Taubman, a big, brutish man who made \$800 million on strip shopping centers and malls and now owns most of Sotheby's. And it was

BETSEY CUSHING



MARRIED

JAMES ROOSEVELT
son of Franklin

J. H. "JOCK" WHITNEY
venture capitalist

MARY "MINNIE"
CUSHING



MARRIED

VINCENT ASTOR
Hudson Bay Company heir

JAMES FOSBURGH
portrait painter

CARROLL MCDANIEL



MARRIED

MARQUIS DE PORTAGO
only ne'er-do-well

RICHARD PISTELL
businessman

MILTON PETRIE
mass-market retailer

JACQUELINE BOUVIER



MARRIED

JOHN F. KENNEDY
womanizing president

ARISTOTLE ONASSIS
repulsive dead Greek

art dealer Richard Feigen who introduced Saul Steinberg to his future wife and dietitian, Gayfryd.

GOING PUBLIC: When Pamela Harriman was interested in a rich and powerful man, which she seemed to be continuously, she would send him a gift of gold—a cigarette lighter, cuff links. The men usually responded with enthusiasm, in one legendary case returning the favor with a diamond necklace—not a bad return on her investment.

Harriman—whose friends have included Gianni Agnelli, Ali Khan and the Baron de Rothschild—understood that *a wealthy man doesn't have time for coyness*. Brigitte Nielsen understood this, too. Determined to meet the cretinous but rich and hunky Sylvester Stallone, the Danish giantess sent him a fan letter along with a cheesecake photo from her modeling portfolio. "The photograph definitely helped," Stallone told a reporter, evidently without embarrassment. They were married within a year and announced their divorce a year and a half later.

A millionaire is looking for a physically splendid wife—long legs, no hips, the tiniest nose. And if you dwarf your suitor, don't worry: a tall woman appeals to these men no less than, and in the same way as, a long cigar. It helps to be a former model. Carroll Petrie, Ivana Trump and Diane Hartford have all posed for photographs in exchange for money. *The golddigger should never be squeamish about flaunting her body.* For example, Johnny Carson met his latest wife, Alexis Maas, on the beach at Malibu.

A trade-specific tip: *If you marry a fashion tycoon, you must be the perfect showcase for your husband's clothes.* For example, Ralph Lauren's wife, Ricky, shares her husband's overtanned, leathery look, which perfectly suits his ersatz-horsey designs. And Kelly Klein embodies the overpriced, underage look developed by her doting husband, Calvin Klein.

A Stepford Wife cheeriness is another important element (though it's not nearly as important as looks, contrary to the wisdom of women's-magazine advice columns). *And some women manage to pull off an impish joie de vivre:* Mercedes Kellogg, who ran off with married Texas billionaire Sid Bass last year, is said to be attractive because of her "sense of fun," the way she'll down shots of booze with the guys and start a food fight and roar with animal-like laughter.

Being a pushy, clam-eyed real estate broker will also get you attention. Steely Leona Helmsley caught enfeebled billionaire real estate developer Harry Helmsley just this way. (Bear in mind, however, that this tactic is a high-risk proposition.)

INCREASING YOUR MARKET SHARE: *The key is sex. Lots of sex. Professional-quality sex. A wealthy man wants a woman with experience.* One investment banker used to brag to his fellow executives about how many times he and his newfound friend had had intercourse the night before—although for

FIVE WHO DARED

SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, *men have been the hunters, the providers, the breadwinners. It takes a brave man to break that tradition. Men who marry women with money face the scorn of those who assume the worst. Often the men continue to work, feeling the need to prove themselves—to become successful in their own right. But no matter how wealthy they become, deep down they all know what got them there—and that's what makes them so courageous.*



MARTY PERETZ: With best friends like Ivan Boesky, Peretz didn't need a rich wife. Still, the owner and editor in chief of *The New Republic* got one.

For more than 20 years, Peretz has been married to Singer heiress Anne Labouisse Farnsworth. Farnsworth's dowry included a Rembrandt that now hangs in a museum in Israel.



IVAN BOESKY: Ivan Boesky started his career in the risky, exacting world of insider trading with money from his wife, Seema Silberstein, whose father, Ben L. Silberstein, was a Detroit real estate magnate and owner of the Beverly Hills Hotel.



PETER HOLM: Currently known as the Guy Married to Joan Collins, Holm will soon become the Guy Who Used to Be Married to Joan Collins. A 40-year-old former rock "star," Holm asked for \$80,000 a month in support from the multit talented, multimillionaire actress.



CLAUS VON BÜLOW: When Martha "Sunny" von Bülow divorced her first husband, Prince Alfie von Auersperg, she settled on him two houses and \$1 million. Deprived of the chance to divorce her second husband, she continues to support him. Claus von Bülow receives about \$120,000 a year, the interest on a \$2 million trust that his wife donated to the Metropolitan Opera with the stipulation that the income should go to her husband for life (his).



LORD GEORGE WEIDENFELD: Publisher Weidenfeld, who joined with Ann Getty to buy Grove Press in 1985, is used to being partnered with wealthy women. His first wife, Jane Sieff, was the daughter of the chairman of Marks and Spencer, England's largest department store chain. Weidenfeld's career took off when father-in-law Israel Sieff awarded him a contract to provide children's books for the family store. Weidenfeld has since gone on to bigger contracts (i.e., Vladimir Nabokov) and richer wives (i.e., Sandra Payson Meyer). —N. S.

GOLD-diggers of 1987

most investment bankers, any times more than none is a lot. The woman is now his couture-crazed wife.

"If the first wife is wellborn, then he looks for a better *playmate*," says café proprietor Glenn Bernbaum. Exactly, says Roxanne Pulitzer. "Peter [Pulitzer] had been married to Lilly Phipps for 15 years," she

said recently. "I remember when I first started dating my husband, he said he didn't want a typical Palm Beach girl—you know, someone who had gone to boarding school and had been around money. Men go through a menopausal period and tend to gravitate to younger girls," she continued.

"I used to put more face cream on him at night than on me."

Pia Zadora bucked tradition and, in the greatest performance of her acting career, played a virgin while courting her husband. She is fond of telling reporters that, right after they met, she told Riklis, "Don't touch me or I'll scream. I want you to come up and meet my mother and my dog." This too is a high-risk strategy.

As a rule of thumb, before you even start looking for a rich husband it's good to have one or, preferably, two failed marriages behind you—and, best of all, marriages to other wealthy men. "I think most millionaires marry women of a certain social set. Some of them have money, some of them make believe they have money, but they all know how to handle money," says divorce lawyer Raoul Lionel Felder.

Part of handling money is not appearing greedy—at least, not too soon. A real estate tycoon fell for a perky businesswoman and was about to propose marriage when he received a call from his bank: the woman had tried to run a Dun & Bradstreet financial check on him to discover his net worth.



Before and After

Patricia Rose Kluge, wife of billionaire Metromedia chairman John Kluge: left, as a career girl in the early 1970s, and, above, as a pillar of society (1986)

DIVIDENDS: "I'll tell you what a rich man is looking for in a wife," says Egon von Furstenberg, who has been married twice but still seems uncannily like a bachelor. "The first thing you want is someone to make you laugh. Second, you want a sex partner. Third, you want someone who'll organize your home and social life. And fourth, you want someone who doesn't care about your business."

Some husbands and wives do work together successfully, but this is a dangerous notion. Clearly, glamorous Ivana Trump's background as a model and Czechoslovakian skier prepared her for her glamorous job as CEO of glamorous Trump's Castle & Casino in ultraglamorous Atlantic City. When your husband, a Queens-born casino operator, is the boss, job security is high. Unless, of course, the marriage disintegrates. Kathleen Hearst had a perfectly lovely, undemanding job at the Hearst Corporation's sleepy *Connoisseur* magazine until she and her husband, John "Bunky" Hearst, threw in the towel. Now she's no longer with the company.

If you must work, it is wise to have a millionaire husband set you up in your own business, which you can then take with you when the marriage inevitably breaks up. Playing with your own little company is much more fun than ceramics, canasta or volunteer work.

BUYOUT: Not every avaricious man hunter gets her guy, of course. Despite her kinky new hairdo and girlish Chanel wardrobe, protofeminist Gloria Steinem has spent most of this decade desperately trying—unsuccessfully—to marry Mortimer Zuckerman, the lispy billionaire real estate developer and despoiler of Columbus Circle. Bear in mind also that *winning* isn't necessarily all that much fun; you may not want to wait around 40 years or so hoping to fall in love with the self-obsessed millionaire you managed to marry. Brigitte Nielsen Stallone is one of the lucky ones: now that she's rid of her homunculus husband, she'll have the time—and, what's more important, the *money*—to devote herself to her very own overweening ambitions. The true golddigger believes deeply that the only thing better than being a rich, highly visible wife is being a rich, highly visible—and available—divorcée. ☺

The Rich WEREN'T ALWAYS DIFFERENT FROM YOU AND ME

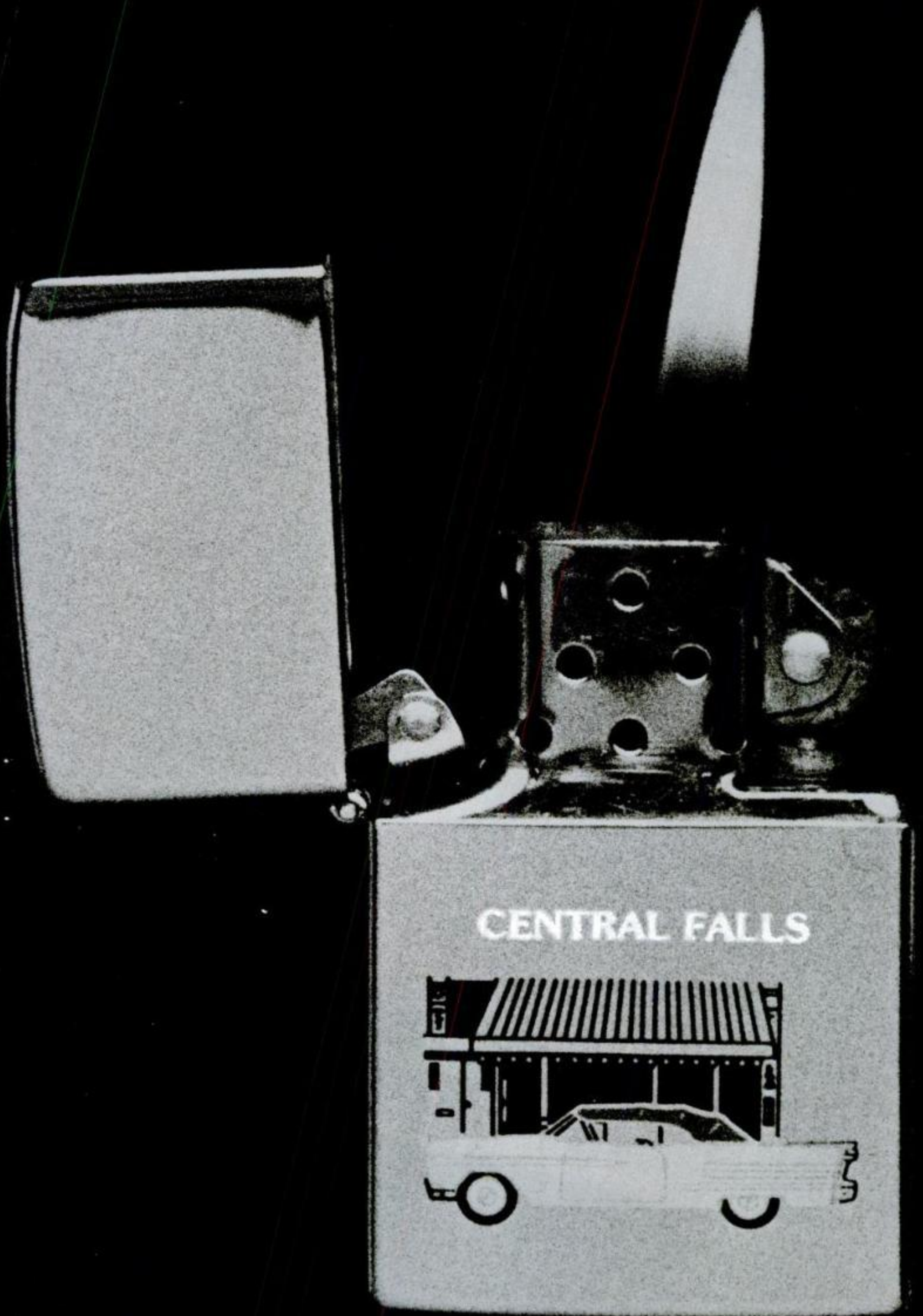
Before these goldiggers married up, they were regular working women—independent, plucky, career-minded, always ready to throw their hats in the air out of sheer girlish joy. Match the swanky wife to the profession she would doubtless still be pursuing had Cupid not struck.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| (1) Susan Gutfreund | (a) Pipe company president |
| (2) Patricia Kluge | (b) Chambermaid |
| (3) Ivana Trump | (c) Madame Claude girl |
| (4) Judy Taubman | (d) Porn star |
| (5) Candy Spelling | (e) Real estate broker |
| (6) Kathleen Ford | (f) Stewardess |
| (7) Basia Johnson | (g) Miss Israel |
| (8) Gayfryd Steinberg | (h) Bad child actress |
| (9) Ann Getty | (i) Automobile showroom model |
| (10) Leona Helmsley | (j) Ski queen |
| (11) Carolyn Roehm | (k) Farmer's daughter |
| (12) Pia Zadora | (l) Hand model |
| | (m) Polyester-sports-wear designer for Sears |

ANSWERS

1(f); 2(d); 3(i); 4(g); 5(i); 6(i); 7(b); 8(a); 9(k); 10(e); 11(m); 12(h).

—N. S.



478 WEST BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY 212-475-3333

**You've heard it,
we've heard it—our
American system
of justice requires that
every defendant,
no matter how vicious
or contemptible,
receive the best
legal defense
possible. But do
gangster apologists**

The men who defend

**really believe
they're performing
a public service?
Do Mafia mouthpieces
really believe the
Mafia doesn't exist?
Who's kidding
whom? JAMES TRAUB
cross-examined
six high-powered
members of the
black-collar bar and
came back with
an unprecedented
group portrait**

THE

M

SHORT JEWISH LAWYER BITES MOBSTER:

Angelo Lonardo was like an old bear trapped by yapping hounds—slow and patient, stubborn and wily. The 76-year-old Lonardo, the former underboss of the Cleveland branch of the Mafia, was the star government witness in *U.S. v. Salerno*, a trial of the Genovese family and its alleged associates. Hour after hour in Room 318 of the U.S. Courthouse, a majestic chamber with a high, coffered ceiling, wood paneling and chandeliers, Lonardo had been holding his cross-examiners at bay, dutifully and without equivocation recalling murders from 30, 40, 50 years ago. The old bear couldn't be trapped into a lie—could not, that is, be discredited. And then the bearbaiting began.

On the morning of May 6, Michael Washor, a short, slightly tubby man with brilliantined hair and a big gold bracelet, stepped to the lectern to cross-examine Lonardo. It wasn't so much a cross-examination as an interrogation, the kind meant to produce signed confessions and public recantations. Washor ridiculed the stolid witness in every

gradation of sarcasm from a smirk to a shriek. He stalked, he paced, he lifted his short arms toward the heavens in utter incredulity.

Lonardo admitted nothing, so Washor filled in the gaps with wild accusations and savage abuse. Washor was playing the prosecutor, Lonardo the defendant. You couldn't help thinking that Lonardo, had he his captains still with him, would have ordered one of Washor's limbs removed and stuffed into his mouth. Washor plugged away. Lonardo had been lying when he'd said he'd never sold narcotics, wasn't that right? No. "Everybody that was involved with Tommy Sinito was involved with the drugs, according to your testimony?"

"That's right, they were. . . ."

"But he was under your command, am I correct?"

"Later on, yes."

Washor overlooked this crucial distinction and drove on, his voice rising to a shout. "*He was part of your team, am I correct?*"

"Yes, he was."

Washor turned away from the lectern with his best triumphant-sarcastic grin, clenched his fists and addressed the ceiling: "*And you just said that anyone that was associated with Sinito was involved in narcotics*"—and here Washor swung toward the silent witness, rose up on his tiptoes, thrust his forefinger, his arm, his entire tubby torso at Angelo Lonardo, and shouted at the top of his lungs—"*AND SO*"—thrust—"*WERE*"—thrust—"*YOU!!!*"

"I was not."

"Mr. Washor," said Judge Mary Johnson Lowe a little while later, "you're going to have a stroke."

TODAY'S CRIMINAL- DEFENSE GROWTH INDUSTRY

THE GOVERNMENT contends that Tony Salerno needed a lot of help to corner the ready-mix concrete business. *U.S. v. Salerno* has 13 defendants who need, of course, 13 lawyers. It should take a good six months before the trial grinds to a halt, and that's not counting pretrial preparation and the inevitable appeals. The "Pizza Connection" case, which ended last March, took 17 months, and ultimately involved 17 convictions. The "Commission" case, in which the government prosecuted the Mafia's board of directors: two and a half months, eight defen-

dants. *U.S. v. Persico*, nine and eight (including Colombo family boss Carmine Persico). The Castellano case, five and a half months and ten guys (nine after the lead defendant was mowed down in front of Sparks Steak House, on East 46th Street). As of this writing two Mafia trials are proceeding in Manhattan and two in Brooklyn. Practically everyone who makes a habit of defending mobsters is doing just that right now.

These are great days, a perpetual feasting for members of New York's mob bar. Since 1980 the Justice Department, and above all Rudolph Giuliani's Southern District, has learned to use the enormous power of the federal racketeering law, known as RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act), to indict and convict the bosses, captains and even soldiers of the Mafia. All five New York families have been hauled into court in the Southern or Eastern District. Doddering old bosses already looking at 100 years in the hoosegow, such as Tony Salerno, get to spend their declining years in federal court facing still more conspiracy charges. Twenty years ago it was the rare attorney who, like Roy Cohn, made a name for himself defending (alleged) mobsters. Now there's no better way for a young attorney to sharpen his courtroom skills—until, of course, the government settles the whole lot of them in jail. And the money's pretty decent, too. How decent? Attorneys won't say precisely, but the Porsches and ten-ton jewelry speak for themselves. For a prolonged trial, \$250,000 would not be implausible.

DON'T SAY THE M WORD

DO ATTORNEYS FOR the mob go home after a long day in court and shout, "There *is* a Mafia, there *is* a Mafia, there *is* a Mafia," just to enjoy the satisfying taste of a plain truth in their mouths after a long day of prevaricating? They must know what the world is thinking: *If there is no Mafia, who pumped those bullets into Paul Castellano? The PLO?* "I haven't got any idea," says James LaRossa, Castellano's attorney for almost ten years. Several months after Castellano's death in December 1985, LaRossa and many of his brethren listened in amazement as defense attorney Sam Dawson began his opening statement in the Commission case by saying it was not worth debating whether or not there was a Mafia. "I

OTHER MOBS, OTHER LAWYERS

A couple of generations ago mobsters came in only three flavors: Italian, Irish and Jewish. Now the Jews have joined the investment banks, where they lead lives of irreproachable probity, while new ethnic groups, in an impressive display of American equality of opportunity, have come to the fore. Each group has managed to find a lawyer or two who will happily attend members' weddings. So if you happen to get arrested for criminal conspiracy, check your ethnic affiliation and call one of the following.

IRISH

The firm of Lawrence Hochheiser and Kenneth Aronson has been defending the Westies, the West Side Irish gang, since 1969. Prosecutors have recorded 39 members or associates of the gang who've hired the two to defend them.

BLACK

David Breitbart, heroic defender of Leroy "Nicky" Barnes, is top dog here. He shares office space with Robert Koppelman, who, along with Breitbart, has represented Ulysses Boyd and members of his notorious Harlem drug gang, the P.C. Boys.

DOMINICAN

Until recently, the bellicose Bella Abzug of the bar, Hermena Perlmutter, held sway here. But Perlmutter was convicted of laundering money. Since a felony conviction may well lead to automatic disbarment, Dominicans are going to have to find someone else willing to accept those bundles of hundreds.

—J.T.

tell you right now, plainly and simply and directly, there *is*. . . . Assume it. Accept it. There is."

Or is there? Gangsters who took a blood oath of secrecy don't like to hear their lawyers admit La Cosa Nostra's existence in front of hostile strangers, and so the lawyers don't. Besides, Dawson's client, Salvatore "Tom Mix" Santoro, lost. Thus, in criminal-defense circles the Mafia is still discounted as a figment of the prosecutors' imagination—a myth, a bogeyman invented to shake dollars out of the federal budget, a sort of domestic Red menace. Whenever I telephoned for an interview, I said that I was writing about "lawyers who defend accused mobsters." ("Accused?" said one secretary. "That makes my day.") And so we will observe convention here. We'll generally refer to the defendants as "alleged mobsters," or, for short, "A-mobsters."

THE BEST OF CLIENTS, THE WORST OF CLIENTS

THERE ARE MANY good reasons to defend A-mobsters. First, there are so many of them seeking counsel nowadays. Second, they have a lot of money. Third, they pay in cash. Fourth, they have a great many friends likely to be similarly in need. Fifth, they go gently into that good slammer. "They're great clients," says criminal-defense lawyer Neal Hurwitz. "They get 15 years, they shake your hand, they say, 'Thank you, you did a great job.' And off they go to the can."

Nevertheless, many of the most prominent criminal-defense attorneys, Hurwitz included, will not defend them. *Ah*, you are thinking, *scruples*. Apparently you don't know the criminal-defense bar. Scruples of this sort are considered naive, even downright irresponsible. Why, if no one defended mobsters—oh, you've heard this one before? Also, ethical quibbles would imply contempt for the morals of those who defend mafiosi, and that would constitute a breach of fraternity. The point is, defending A-mobsters can be bad for business. After a few of these hulking characters, "it can become difficult to sustain a white-collar practice," as Hurwitz delicately puts it. Why? Because an insider trader doesn't want to tell the boys at the squash club that his lawyer is currently defending a fellow named Tony Ducks.

IN YO' FACE, PROSECUTOR MAN

THE LAW IS BASICALLY a game, is it not, a sport for grown-ups in suits? Law is one of the few professions where maximum competitiveness enjoys the status of a moral obligation—you owe it to your client. Most lawyers are, by temperament, game players; the differences among them have to do with the game they're playing. The legal help retained by, say, Texaco and Pennzoil play a rugged game of tennis, a game of nuance, of patience and occasional displays of power. Then there are those who defend the A-mobsters.

When A-mob lawyers talk about their practices, they talk boxing, basketball and football—rough, tough contact sports, where you have to hurt the other guy to win. Most of them were jocks in school, and many of them still are. There seem to be dozens of them—pudgy, pugilistic, 40-ish guys, mostly Jewish, who came swaggering out of Brooklyn with a chip on their shoulder and are still daring anyone in sight to knock it off.

Maybe even football is too genteel a metaphor. Perhaps a better comparison is roller derby, where the only rules are what you can get away with. David Breitbart, a nonpareil of courtroom aggression, was threatened with contempt seven times in the first month of the Rotondo loan-sharking trial, in 1985. In his summation he accused the prosecutors of lying and called their witnesses the "worst foul vermin and slime and sludge that you could ever see."

And putting words in the witness's mouth? It can't hurt to try. There's Michael Washor trying to dupe Angelo Lonardo into admitting that Lonardo considered the jury in his last trial—and thus, presumably, the current jury—"nit-wits" and "morons." No dice, but nice try. Or there's Bruce Cutler snarling to another government witness, after an insignificant lapse, "Mr. Wean, do you say *what* you want to say *when* you want to say it?" We could go on. These guys will say anything to win.

The legal swells on Park Avenue and Wall Street think of these rogues the way the German Jews used to think of the Russian Jews, an analogy that may also be an accurate piece of sociology. But mob—sorry, A-mob—lawyers have at least equal contempt for their candyass white-collar colleagues, who would rather con-

sign their client to a plea bargain than face the hazards of a courtroom.

Even plea bargaining is a competitive activity. Say the boss of your client's non-existent Mafia family strongly suggests that the client take a fall for the good of the community. This could never happen, of course, but say it did. Then at least you could negotiate from strength. "If you go in there with the assistant district attorney," says David Breitbart, "and he knows you're willing to say, 'Hey, pal, pick a jury,' he's going to give some thought to whether your client should get five years instead of ten, or a one-count exposure instead of two. . . . [If a defense lawyer] walks in who never tries a case, what the hell do they care? It's what I call negotiating with an empty gun."

That's the paradigm: two sides maneuvering for position, looking for a handhold. Truth has been pushed so far off to the periphery that you can't see it, can hardly feel it anymore. The black-collar lawyer is the supreme incarnation of the game-playing nature of the law. Sure, he'll rant and rave and point his finger, but he knows the score. After all, he's been on the other side. That's one of the remarkable features of the black-collar bar, though also of criminal-defense lawyers in general: practically all of them have worked as prosecutors. The former head of the Organized Crime Strike Force in the Southern District, Dominic Amorosa, is currently defending an A-mobster in a Brooklyn case. The former head of the Criminal Division in the Southern District, Frederick Hafetz, is defending Edward "Biff" Halloran (not, technically, a mobster) in the Salerno case. Remember this when you hear one of these gentlemen frothing at the mouth about prosecutorial recklessness. They know firsthand.

BLACK-COLLAR PROFILES

THE FOLLOWING HALF dozen profiles should not be considered a definitive consumer guide to the A-mob bar. Some very big names are not included, notably that of the self-proclaimed world's greatest trial lawyer, gun-totin', limo-ridin' Barry Slotnick (see box on page 58). Here are two good reasons for Slotnick's exclusion:

- (1) He already gets too much publicity.
- (2) Colleagues consider him overrated, especially by himself. "A brief-carrying second-seater," says a prosecutor.

BARRY SLOTNICK VS. JACKIE MASON

*In Which the Famous
Mafia Lawyer,
Just Before Getting Beaten
Up Last Summer,
Is Mortified by
the Famous Comedian
Over Lunch at Lutèce*

by KEN GROSS, who was actually there

Barry Slotnick, the hotshot criminal-defense lawyer, came prepared for big-time name-dropping. So did Jackie Mason, who, in a pinch, might drop his own name. On the other hand, Lutèce

was totally unprepared for such an onslaught of blatant who-you-know-ness.

"You think you're famous?" asked Mason, who had managed to get a reservation for the

three of us at Lutèce on a moment's notice (his manager called twice and said, "This is for Jackie Mason, you know? The Broadway star").

"I'm comfortable," replied Slotnick, the man who is credited with getting (gunman) Bernie (Goetz) and (irrational rabbi) Meir (Kahane) off the hook, and who defends a lot of big-league Mafia first names.

Slotnick was telling a story about "Frank."

"Frank?" asked Mason.

"Frank," said Slotnick, trying to move on, trying to get into the heart of his story.

"When you say Frank," Mason continued, "do you mean Frank?"

"We were having dinner, and he was being miserable to his wife—"

"Who?"

"Frank!"

We were sitting in the little alcove up front where everybody tries to seem French while they are waiting for their table. The way they try to seem French is to speak softly, so maybe no one will notice the little spritz of Bensonhurst.

"Pardon me," said the man at the next alcove table, another name-dropper if there ever was one, "but you know, you look like [comparatively un-

known comedian] Freddie Roman."

Jackie Mason sat up with such a jolt that he almost forgot about Barry You-Know-Who and Frank the You-Know-What.

"I look like Freddie Roman? Me? A Broadway star?"

"Well," said the man, realizing his gaffe, "not exactly like Freddie Roman, but reminiscent in certain ways."

"You mean I'm not funny."

Barry Slotnick, ignoring the interloper, leaned over toward Mason, the sleeve of his famous \$2,500 linen suit pulled up just enough to show the shirt cuff monogram—in case someone should mistake him for Melvin Belli.

"So Frank is just married, right? And his wife says something to him and he turned to her and said, 'Shut up!' It was very embarrassing. Well, my wife turned to me and said, 'Did you hear that?' So I turn to her and say, 'Shut up!'"

"Who was this?" said Mason, turning his attention back to Slotnick. "Was this Frank?"

"Yes," said Slotnick.

*Relentless
name-dropper
Slotnick, left,
dared to go
up against
Mason, right,
in front of
witnesses.*



"Frank who?"

"Sinatra," said a defeated Slotnick, compelled to utter the last name. "Frank Sinatra."

"I know a Frank Sinatra," said Mason.

The maître d' announced that the table was ready. As Mason glided through the chic, serene dining room Lutèce suddenly became Grossinger's. Hushed diners gasped. "It's Jackie Mason!" someone shouted. "Loved your show!" someone else cried.

"I used to eat here once a week," said Slotnick. "They did wonderful things for me. Flew in special food."

Meanwhile, André (Soltner, Lutèce's

owner and chef) had come out to say hello to Jackie Mason. The wife of the pest in the alcove came by and introduced herself and said Jackie Mason didn't look anything like Freddie Roman.

"You know who this man is?" asked Mason, indicating Slotnick.

"Of course," said the woman, who turned back to Jackie and went on and on about her mother and her sister and the rest of her friends and family who thought that Jackie Mason was funnier than Freddie Roman and better-looking and more Jewish.

Mason was looking around for a pickle. "So," he said to Slotnick, "you're a mob lawyer."

Slotnick paled. He looked around.

"You know," Jackie said, "I'm thinking of running for mayor." Everyone laughed. No, he was serious. Ed (Koch) wasn't cutting it anymore, and if all the people who came to Mason's show voted for him. . . .

"You know," said Slotnick, more comfortable now that they were off show business and into municipal treachery,

"this case was really something."

He was referring to Bernie You-Know-Who, who shot four black youths on the subway.

"I was thinking of some way to cool down the racial tensions," Slotnick said.

"Really?" said Jackie Mason, suddenly civic-minded.

"I was thinking of having someone make some public-service announcements," said Slotnick. "To cool off tensions."

"Really?" asked Mason. "Who?"

"Sammy Davis Jr." A close personal friend of Frank's. 3

A
True
STORY

DAVID BREITBART

VIEW OF EXISTENCE/NONEXISTENCE OF THE MAFIA: "I've been trying cases in this town for 20 years, and I still don't know what it means. . . . I don't see the impact."

SIGNIFICANT CLIENTS: Gennaro Langella, Leroy "Nicky" Barnes.

PROSECUTORIAL EXPERIENCE: Bronx Assistant District Attorney, 1969–71.

SPORTS BACKGROUND: Former gym teacher; plays murderous tennis at a club in Westhampton.

One prosecutor pays David Breitbart the not ungenerous compliment of calling him "loudmouthed and vicious and extremely effective—the best cross-examiner known to man." He suggested I look up Breitbart's cross of loan-sharking victim Frank Ancona in the Persico case. But I don't have to. Over the receptionist's desk in Breitbart's office is an artist's drawing of the great moment. Breitbart's left arm is windmilling in nonstop accusation; to one side, fragments of the interrogation have been immortalized:

"Didn't you use a baseball bat on your first wife for 12 years?"

"Didn't you throw your mother-in-law down a flight of stairs?"

"Didn't you take your father-in-law's money and throw him out of the house?"

"I'm an examiner," says Breitbart, cowboy boots propped up on his big semicircular desk. "It's a gift—like hitting a curveball, or returning a tennis ball at net when it's going 120 miles an hour."

Breitbart, like most of the black-collar defenders—like most of their clients, for that matter—has not had the benefit of ease. He went to Brooklyn Law at night while teaching at a high school during the day. After two years as an assistant D.A. he went into private practice. And then he used his quick wits, his loud mouth and his predatory instincts to fight his way to, or near, the top. Early in his career he began defending black narcotics gangs, reaching the pinnacle of that practice when he helped Nicky Barnes beat a rap an astonishing four times in a row. (The fifth time around the government finally put Barnes away for good.) Breitbart remembers this terrifying character fondly. "He was bright, articulate, respectful, appreciative of anyone willing to help him in his fight against the system." The last phrase is a very Breitbart touch.

Breitbart represented his first A-mobster, an alleged soldier in the Bonanno family named John Cerasani, in 1977. In 1982 Cerasani was included in what was, according to a big scrapbook of the case that Breitbart has meticulously assembled, "the mob trial of the century." It was then that Breitbart delivered his most famous, frenzied summation, though he modestly turns aside praise on the subject: "It's something you were blessed with." Cerasani was the only one of five defendants to be found not guilty.

In 1985 Breitbart represented Gennaro Langella in *U.S. v. Persico*, that year's mob trial of the century. "Persico's story," he says, "is a heartbreaking story." Breitbart launches into a tale of a man hounded by the government, entrapped, indicted for acts he never performed, kept from his beloved children. It is a heartbreaking story, but it bears no relation at all to the one advanced by the prosecutors and accepted by the jury and a federal judge. Breitbart, however, is now working up a head of steam. "We're in the throes of a police state," he says. "We're looking down the barrel at an 'Übermenschian philosophy.' He sees 'the withering away of the First, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Ninth' and several other Amendments.

Later I found this same argument in Breitbart's summation in the Persico case. It didn't work at the time. Now he may sense that his current jury is skeptical, too. "I'm not mouthing platitudes," says David Breitbart. "I really believe this shit."

JOHN JACOBS

VIEW OF EXISTENCE/NONEXISTENCE OF THE MAFIA: No comment.

SIGNIFICANT CLIENTS: Anthony Salerno, Ralph Scopo.

PROSECUTORIAL EXPERIENCE: Manhattan Assistant District Attorney, 1970–77; Eastern District Organized Crime Strike Force, 1977–82.

SPORTS BACKGROUND: Captain of Poly Prep football team.



Jacobs, Breitbart: *La Cosa Nostra* is their thing.

Last year John Jacobs made himself infamous among his former tribe—federal organized-crime prosecutors—with a posttrial affidavit in support of a motion for dismissal in the Persico case. Jacobs claimed in the affidavit that in 1977, nine years earlier, he had overheard prosecutors planning to submit a perjured affidavit to a judge in order to have Persico moved from one jail to another. Jacobs offered practically no evidence for this startling claim; nor did he explain why he had not come forward for nine years. In dismissing the motion,

Judge John F. Keenan called the accusation "rumor mongering worthy of a second-rate gossip columnist or a daytime soap opera. A cynic," the judge added, "might also observe that Mr. Jacobs is presently

representing Ralph Scopo [in the Commission case]." Scopo was a member of the Colombo family, of which Persico was the boss.

Jacobs is a feisty fellow, short and chunky, with flyaway hair parted in the middle. A bristler by nature, Jacobs bristles when he hears that some people think he wasn't playing by the rules in the Persico motion. "What rules?" he shoots back. "There's lots of things that I hear about that I don't discuss. I had no obligation to come forward." (Legally, say other lawyers, possibly not; morally, beyond a doubt.) Jacobs seems to take a dim view of procedural scrupulousness in general. A defense witness in the Gotti trial, Matthew Traynor, says that during his days as a government cooperator, Jacobs, then a prosecutor, had provided a room in the Strike Force office where Traynor could meet his girlfriend. Jacobs says the practice is common, and besides, "it's not a violation of any rule." ("I've never heard of such a thing," says a prosecutor.)

Jacobs has, however, impressed the right people. Tony Salerno, he says, admired his work in the Commission case. When it was time earlier this year for Salerno to climb back into the dock in *U.S. v. Salerno*, the old don chose the young fighter—Jacobs's first defense of an alleged boss. The "exposure," Jacobs agrees, could be a big boon to his career.

JAMES LAROSSA

VIEW OF EXISTENCE/NONEXISTENCE OF THE MAFIA: "You won't get any response on that—at least not from me."

SIGNIFICANT CLIENT: Paul Castellano.

PROSECUTORIAL EXPERIENCE: U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District, 1962–65.

SPORTS BACKGROUND: Weekend tennis player—"Some of us have different interests than savage athletic competition at this point."



James LaRossa does not raise his voice—not in the office, not in the courtroom. In the Commission case, in which he represented the alleged Gambino *consigliere* Christopher Furnari, he was, according to one participant, "a perfect gentleman." Shouting and screaming, LaRossa says, is just "poor lawyering." LaRossa is a stylish man whose style seems to hover near the edge of excess. When I went to see him at his firm, he was wearing big gold cuff links and a beautifully cut blue pin-striped suit. He was faintly, seigneurially, amused when I asked him about the habits of some of his fellow black-collar defenders. He allowed, though reluctantly, that his was "a different world" from theirs.

LaRossa's world, as he describes it, is one of bar courses and clinics, lectures and seminars. About his own A-mob clients LaRossa is somewhat distracted. He can't recall how Paul Castellano became his client any more than he can imagine why Castellano was rubbed out. Did he represent Castellano in business matters? No. What about the incorporation papers for Metro Concrete, which he signed? Castellano's son-in-law was a shareholder, but Castellano, says LaRossa, had nothing to do with the company. In a recording made in 1984 Tony Salerno can be heard complaining that Castellano was damaging the Commission's concrete scam by setting up Metro. Who can guess how much LaRossa knows? He's a very discreet man.

LaRossa says that he is reducing his intake of A-mob cases, because RICO trials take so long that no initial fee can cover the hours ultimately spent in court. Many of LaRossa's brethren complain that they earn less over the course of a trial than court-appointed lawyers do. Possibly they take the cases on a pro bono basis.

STANLEY MEYER

VIEW OF EXISTENCE/NONEXISTENCE OF THE MAFIA: "I don't believe it; it's too disorganized."

SIGNIFICANT CLIENTS: None.

PROSECUTORIAL EXPERIENCE: Brooklyn Assistant District Attorney, 1958–66.

SPORTS BACKGROUND: Claims he scored last touchdown in history of Brooklyn College football team, fall 1950.

"I'm the kind of guy," says Stan Meyer, "who gets into fights at hockey games." Meyer has stubby forearms, a gut, a growly, chewed-down cigar butt of a voice and a big gold bracelet that says STAN. Also a big gold ring with SM. When I asked a prosecutor to name me the Urmob lawyer, he replied, "Stan Meyer."

Meyer apparently comports himself in the courtroom with something of the same austere dignity he brings to hockey games. In the Persico case, argued before Judge John F. Keenan, he theorized that the government had included a particular murder in the conspiracy indictment, as he puts it now, "like if you're composing an opera you might throw in a dance number or a seal act to keep it light." In his appeal Meyer asserted that his client, Persico's son Alphonse ("Little Allie Boy"), had been convicted solely because the jury confused him with Persico's brother, who had the same name. Keenan called the suggestion "blatantly false and insulting to the court," concluding that it "borders on contemptible conduct."

Meyer shows up at virtually every Mafia case, though not with the choice clients.



He defends the soldier, not the capo. Meyer's specialty, though, is the Sisyphean labor of appeals. He has written appeals in the Persico case, the Commission case and the Pizza case, among others. Except in rare cases, appeals in Mafia RICO convictions are doomed.

Meyer's colleagues are very careful to distance themselves from clients, at least in public. Not Meyer. Carmine Persico, he says proudly, "is one of my closest friends." Is it tough carrying on a close personal friendship with a man who has spent 12 of the last 15 years in prison? "I've visited him in every jail he's been in," says Stan Meyer.

GERALD SHARGEL

VIEW OF EXISTENCE/NONEXISTENCE OF THE MAFIA: "I don't want to go on the record saying, 'It's true/'It's not true.'"

SIGNIFICANT CLIENTS: Stanley Friedman, Anthony Provenzano.

PROSECUTORIAL EXPERIENCE: None.

SPORTS BACKGROUND: Plays a polite game of tennis.

Gerald Shargel loves nothing more than humiliating a government witness on the stand, to wrench an admission out of him and then cut him off when he tries to explain. It sounds cruel, Shargel confesses; it *is* cruel. "I guess," he admits, "we're all exploiting a character weakness in the courtroom." And yet he is considered one of the most thoughtful and temperate members of the black-collar bar. A former associate in James LaRossa's firm, he seems to have picked up LaRossa's soft-spoken, donnish mannerisms. (That's Oxford don, not Mafia don.) His beard is trim, his tie restrained. But Shargel is up to his neck in A-mobsters. An attorney who knows him says that Shargel has gotten himself in a box, and Shargel himself concedes that the "stigma" of the Mafia has made it difficult to broaden his practice. He says gamely, "I'm just as comfortable on Mulberry Street as I am in my club [the upright Harmonie, on East 60th]." He must be comfortable on Mulberry: when the Castellano trial opened, 8 of the 21 defendants were former Shargel clients.

The government took this to be more than a coincidence and charged Shargel with being the "house counsel" to the Roy DeMeo crew of the Gambino family. The government's motion to have Shargel removed from the case revealed, or purported to reveal, just the kind of hanky-panky that keeps other attorneys away from the Gambinos and their ilk. A government witness alleged that he saw DeMeo hand Shargel a paper bag, which DeMeo said contained \$100,000 in cash, some of which Shargel was to give to other crew members for their legal-defense costs—an impropriety known as benefactor payments. Shargel also allegedly asked another DeMeo gang member if he was going to cooperate with the government, and told him which defense attorney he would receive. Shargel, who calls the stories ridiculous, fought the motion to remove him from the case. He lost the fight, however, and was removed.

BRUCE CUTLER

VIEW OF EXISTENCE/NONEXISTENCE OF THE MAFIA: "A Hollywood term thrown around by the media [and] by the government to create a sense of justification for the things they do. I have seen not the slightest scintilla of proof."

SIGNIFICANT CLIENTS: John Gotti, Salvatore Vitale.

PROSECUTORIAL EXPERIENCE: Brooklyn Assistant District Attorney, 1974-81.

SPORTS BACKGROUND: Captain of Poly Prep (three years after Jacobs) and Hamilton College football teams. Bench-presses 310 pounds.

Bruce Cutler cuts an awesome figure in the courtroom. As he leans forward to grip the lectern with his big paws, his suit jacket ripples across a powerful, weight lifter's back. He is given to long, melodramatic pauses, while he stiffly paces. The forefinger of his left hand is always extended, a weapon poised for accusation. Sometimes Cutler is very calm; sometimes he shouts. He's the good cop *and* the bad cop. But his questions are angry: he knows the truth already. He knows the



witness is lying. And he won't tolerate evasion. Does the witness speak? Cutler cuts him off with another accusation. "Didn't you tell us a few mo-

ments ago that you knew in your own mind while you lay in Nassau County jail that the name Joe Massino [an alleged Bonanno family member] could help get you out? Didn't you tell us that a few minutes ago?"

"Yes."
"And didn't it work?"

"I would be terrified," says one prosecutor, "to meet [Cutler] in a dark alley." Another prosecutor says that Cutler seems to be patterning himself after his most famous client, alleged Gambino boss John Gotti. Cutler's style is pure intimidation. He opened the Gotti trial last winter by heaving a copy of the indictment into a wastebasket. Apparently the jury was impressed; Gotti, of course, was acquitted.

Cutler is very wary, very watchful, as if guarding his flank against surprise attack. His whole tense physical presence and his unnaturally loud, powerful voice communicate his outrage. Gotti is a victim of a

hell-bent government. Take that "much-ado-about-nothing case" where Gotti was accused of robbing and beating the day-lights out of a man who'd complained, with spectacularly poor judgment, that Gotti had double-parked in front of his car. A "nonsensical" case, says Cutler. "It was just a normal, everyday . . . petty argument in the street." The case was dismissed. The plaintiff, curiously enough, suddenly declined to testify when he was called to the stand; when, finally, he was forced to testify, he recanted all his previous allegations concerning Gotti.

Cutler's own career has been fatefully bound to Gotti's. Cutler was only a few years out of the D.A.'s office when Aniello Dellacroce, underboss of the Gambino family, was indicted. Cutler's quondam partner, the publicity-insatiable Barry Slotnick, took Dellacroce, while Cutler was given the equally young and unknown Gotti. Gotti's acquittal was a tremendous humiliation to the Eastern District office that prosecuted the case, and it instantly propelled Cutler to black-collar stardom. Cutler may have years of prosperous employment before him: the Eastern District seems certain to draw up new charges against Gotti.

MY LITTLE MOUTHPIECE

THERE'S NOTHING wrong with being house counsel to IBM, since IBM is a legitimate ongoing enterprise. The same, however, cannot be said for the Lucchese family. It may be unfair, but any lawyer who is regularly retained by an organized-crime group is popularly assumed to be an instrument of that group, and a party to its shenanigans. And since the same lawyers show up again and again at Mafia trials, and since they all feed one another business, prosecutors take it for granted that many of them know the secret password. Some lawyers, one hears, are "made members" of the gang. The lawyers themselves, uh, disagree.

A cynic, as Judge Keenan puts it, might note that the black-collar bar tends to have a peculiar relationship to its clientele. Gerald Shargel not only was accused of carrying cash around to various members of the DeMeo crew and appointing lawyers for them but admitted that he had destroyed all of his appointment books as well as records of payments.

Oh, but it gets worse. Marty Light, an

attorney with the Ur-background—middle-class Brooklyn, Brooklyn Law, Kings County D.A.'s office—was found guilty of selling heroin and sentenced to 15 years in prison. Light later testified before the President's Commission on Organized Crime about his role as an associate of the Colombo family. He was told whom to represent and even how much to charge. Light explained to the commission the significance of the phrase *doing the right thing*. This was A-mob talk for being willing to suborn perjury, obstruct justice, serve as a bagman, intimidate witnesses and inform on members and associates who were talking to the government. When the Lucchese family let him sit with them at a Mafia wedding, Light said, he finally felt like a "man of respect."

And there's the case of Light's former law partner, Frank Lopez. In the early 1970s Lopez was overheard on a government bug relaying messages from A-mobster Vincent Papa to his lieutenants. In one such exchange Lopez explained that Papa wanted an associate killed; another involved the theft of heroin held by the police from the "French Connection" case. Lopez, doing the right thing, declined to discuss these chats before a grand jury. Lopez is now one of the leading members of the black-collar bar, having defended Carmine Persico last year.

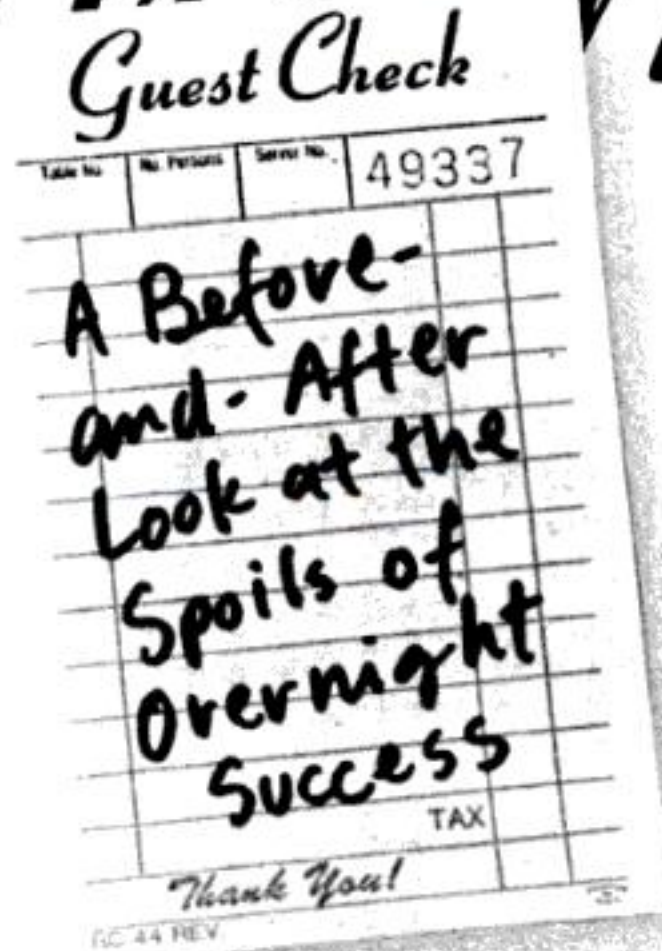
And let us not forget lawyer Michael Coiro, currently under indictment in Brooklyn. Coiro was overheard worrying about a lawyer who insisted that her client tell the grand jury the truth. He promised his employer, Angelo Ruggiero, that he would take care of it—a promise that the prosecutors are calling obstruction of justice. Coiro's case will not be helped by the fond, secretly taped observation of John Gotti's brother Gene that "you're one of us as far as we're concerned." "I know it," Coiro replied. "I feel that way."

How many other A-mobster lawyers feel that way? How many others have no choice but to act that way, no matter what they feel? What mobsters look for in a lawyer is someone they can trust; the lawyers themselves say that. Trust to do what? To give his best shot? Maybe he has to be trusted as well to do *the right thing*. Marty Light says that he knows of 20 to 30 lawyers in New York whose relation to the Mafia is similar to his own. That would be a significant portion of the black-collar bar. ☛

No sooner has a restaurant been well reviewed than you can't get in. Just before and just after each of four nice little restaurants got its recent rave review, ELIZABETH ROYTE sneaked inside to record the terrifying transformations.

Restaurant *Confidential*

AS WE ALL KNOW, eating in restaurants has eclipsed all other forms of social intercourse. Nowadays in New York, chefs are glammier than playwrights, and reservations at the right bistro are more coveted than Film Festival tickets. New Yorkers who dine out a lot are a restive mob, ravenous not so much for food as for marching orders to the new fashionable food place. 🍴 It is true: nothing has done as much to spoil New York's fine, fresh little restaurants as Bryan Miller's *Diner's Journal*, which appears in every Friday's *Times*. The Journal covers restaurants too new or too small to merit a full-scale review. Naturally, it's the pleasant neighborhood spots and inexpensive cafés that, exposed by Miller's raves, are smothered by the avocational diners who swarm there. The feeders arrive in taxis from faraway avenues, in cars from New Jersey and Westchester. Within days and then for weeks, the diners bear down on the bistro, exhausting it, accelerating entropy. The charm disintegrates, the maître d' becomes haughty, the chef is run ragged, service slips and the quality of food follows. About the time the occupying force has jaded its palate, Miller touts another perfect small café and the feeders move on. 🍴 At right, the evidence.





Man Ray

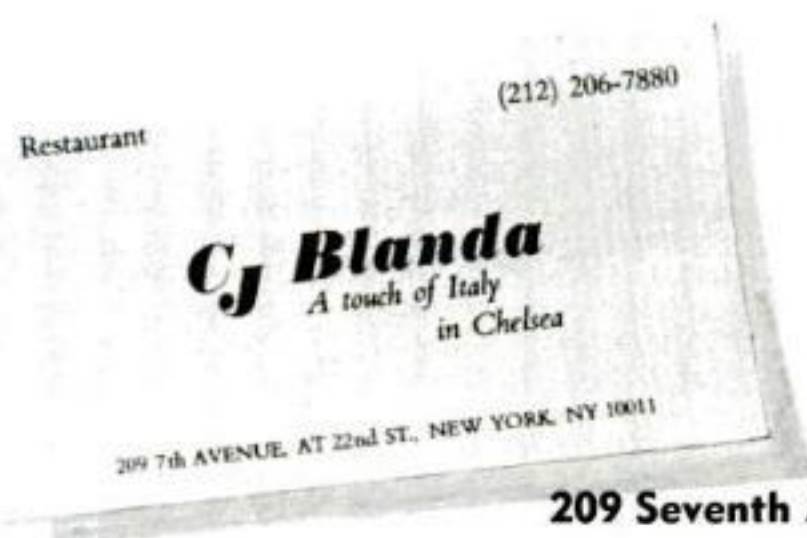
169 Eighth Avenue

"Man Ray is serving some of the most ingenious French bistro cuisine I have had in some time."—November 28, 1986 (a full-scale review followed on February 6, 1987)

	BEFORE NOVEMBER 28, 1986	AFTER NOVEMBER 28, 1986
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Dinners served per night	3	175
Doting staff people per table	4	0
Waiters' tips per night	\$50	\$100
Reservations	Superfluous	"This is New York!"*
Wait without reservation	0 minutes	30 minutes
Maitre d's welcoming remarks	"Hello. Haven't I seen you here before?"	"Sit up front. It's more authentic, yes?"
Typical patron	Lighting guys from next-door theater	Mob of trendy West Coast magazine publishers
Idling out front	Former sax player with famous trio, now reduced to panhandling	Three white limousines
Table embellishment	Carafe of ice water	Clean fork
Delivered after repeatedly ordering vodka gimlet	Vodka gimlet	Gin gimlet
Salmon	Cooked to perfection	Hardly cooked
Lotte	Translation: monkfish	Telltale order of linguistic showoff
Periodical read by diners	Back Stage	The Wall Street Journal

*Owner



C. J. Blanda

209 Seventh Avenue

"A friendly and fastidious little place. . . . A special little corner worth noting when you're in the neighborhood."—April 10, 1987

	BEFORE APRIL 10, 1987	AFTER APRIL 10, 1987
--	--------------------------	-------------------------

Dinners served per night	40	70
At the bar	Stools	No stools: standing, waiting diners
Typical patron	Gay	Straight
Waiters' tips per night	\$15	\$100+
Wait without reservation	0 minutes	30 minutes
Size of waiting staff	2	6
Drinks	Booze	Wine



The Tribeca Cafe

74 Leonard Street

"{The bear steak} was, well, rather ursine; that is leathery, sinewy and somewhat gamey."—May 15, 1987**

	BEFORE MAY 15, 1987	AFTER MAY 15, 1987
--	------------------------	-----------------------

Meals served a day	70	100
At the bar	Bartender's buddy, drinking coffee	Standing room only, imported beer
Barkeep's primary occupation	Practicing blowing smoke rings	Palming dollar tips
Typical patron	Local, creative	Suited, financial
Bear steak	Only a gimmick	Sold out before ten***

**Just-Spell-My-Name-Right Department: even a less-than-flattering mention in Diner's Journal can spell doom for regular customers

***Upgraded to Pot Roast of Bear



Sugar Reef

93 Second Avenue

"This clamorous funky new restaurant is hotter than a Havana afternoon. . . . We encountered several authentic and tasty regional dishes, among them a lusty rendition of Callaloo soup."—April 9, 1986 (from a Times piece by Miller on Caribbean food)

	BEFORE APRIL 9, 1986	AFTER APRIL 9, 1986
--	-------------------------	------------------------

Dinners served per night	200	400
Wait	0 minutes	Up to two hours
Reservations	Too bourgeois a concept	For parties larger than 8
Rows of people waiting at the bar	1	6
Percentage who are Shearson analysts	0	25
May I speak to the manager?	"Sure, he's at the bar"	"He's kind of busy right now"
Answering the telephone	Human	Machine
Telephone number	477-8754	47-SUGAR
Owner's assessment of crowd	"A swell bunch . . ."	" . . . infiltrated by another element"
Nights it is permissible to linger over dinner	Any	Sunday, Monday, Tuesday only
Person standing at door	Host, gracious	Bouncer, large ☹

Review of Reviewers

Art

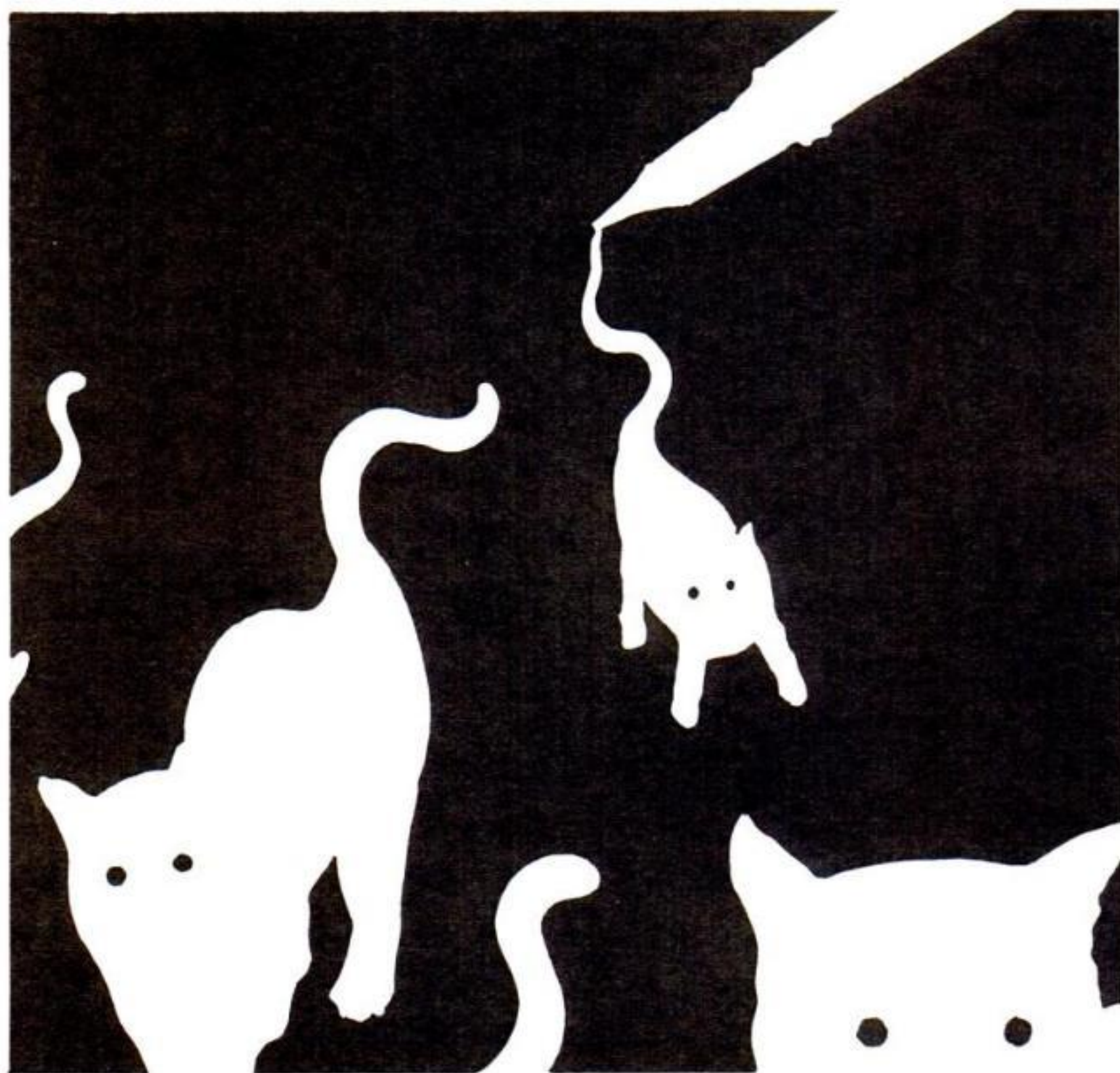
Eating

Science and You

How to Be a Grown-up

Selling

Publishing



Everyone's a CRITIC

BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

WELCOME BACK, GIRLS! I RETURN from a summer break in Haiti, which isn't all it used to be, in my view, to find that others have kept the home fires burning for me. David Denby, movie critic of *New York* magazine, was just

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

one of the pretenders who took on the role of your esteemed Reviewer of Reviewers.

"Vincent Canby adores 'rude' slapstick comedies," he wrote, without, I think, quite the correct lightness of touch. "And Richard Schickel has his square-shouldered, cornfield Americanism. Stanley

Kauffmann gazes with pleasure into colorless pools of alienation [he *does*?]; Pauline Kael gets excited over sexy or bloody movies that she thinks shock people [embarrassing but true]; and David Edelstein has his twisty-headed horror pictures. [No comment.] I'm known as a softie for Moral Seriousness [aw, come *on*, you old softie—you're known for much worse than that], and Andrew Sarris warms to movies featuring Mature Relationships between Civilized Men and Women."

Nice try. Among a sack of letters I've received, Alex R. Cohen writes of the Denby forgery, "He's no reviewer of reviewers—why can't he just realize that Michèle's column is cooler than his? Why can't he control his jealousy and go back to reviewing movies?" Beautifully put, Mr. Cohen—and what are you doing tonight?

Moving right along, in my cool way, the best surrogate Michèles were, in this year of celebrating the Constitution, you the people. "All we want to know is, who peed in Wolcott's Wheaties?" wrote Julie Ridge and Murray Rubinstein to *Vanity Fair* concerning James Wolcott's trashing of a major subject, Barbara Seaman's biography of Jacqueline Susann.

But on behalf of the people, Mr. Tom Caron blew it in the Letters page of the dear old *Village Voice*. "Two men, weary and parched, crawl across a wasteland," his upbeat letter began. "As they creep along, they sing. Call them Pim and Bom, and the image is of the artist of the century, Samuel Beckett. Call them Chuck and Lyle, and we witness the incredible critical denigration of *Ishtar*, as witty and Beckettian a work as any American artist could wish to make. Once again, the critics have missed the boat, trashed the worthy, and cheated their readers."

When it comes to movies, anyone can get in on the act. "I don't do movie reviews," wrote a Don Feder in the *New York Post*. But the good Mr. Feder is nevertheless anxious to write a review of *The Untouchables*, which he sees as a tour de force "in a culture drowning in existentialism." Drowning in existentialism: tell that to the jumbo guys and gals in the heartland, grilling their weenies and burgers this Labor Day weekend. Continuing with what we trust will be his first and last review, Feder writes, "Serious cinema usually is a stroll on the dark side (warmed over Nietzschean nihilism, with a dash of Freudian determinism thrown in for bad measure), a survey of the sewer *sans* a glimpse of the stars. 'The Untouchables' correctly identifies faith—faith that existence has purpose, that man can shape his destiny—as the foundation of heroism. Highlighting this, religious symbolism suffuses the film. . . ."

Give me the uninhibited exuberance of the *Post*'s macho drama and dance critic, Clive Barnes, any day. Liza Minnelli "looks gorgeous, almost edible. . . . Her body language is a universal dialect of show business. . . . No one sways her pelvis with quite the same effortless rightness, or kicks her leg out with the same jaunty precision. . . . She shimmies charisma. She sparkles dew-drops. Her voice has that deep show-biz vibrato, that smeared trumpet tone that comes up from the floor-boards and hits you below the Mer-man belt. She has a sure sense of climax." Stop! "She started slowly"—please stop!—"and built and built. . . ."

John "You Can Say That Again" Corry, adorable TV critic of *The New York Times*, has been revealing his nervous tic again. "Say now that 'The Mormons,' subtitled 'Missionaries to the World,' is probably being unfair," he wrote. "A film that

opens with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsing 'Born Free,' while individual Mormons suggest they are anything but, is suspect from the start. Say also, however, that the filmmaker, Bobbie Birleffi, commands our attention. . . ." Or say what you like, as the *Times*'s other TV expert, John J. O'Connor, does. "Say this much," he wrote about *St. Elsewhere*. "The series certainly knows how to stretch a shtick."

It's the poetry I miss. "All right," wrote Jack Kroll in *Newsweek*. "Wrap up the 20th century; Fred Astaire is gone." "The dancing man is gone," wrote Deborah Jowitz in the *Voice*. "The Great One is dead," began Jerry Adler's haunting tribute to Jackie Gleason in *Newsweek*. "His voice, that immense bellow of proletarian outrage, a sound like a bus changing gears on Flatbush Avenue, has been stilled." "He worked so hard to make his self his act that it is meaninglessly reductive to call him a 'primitive,'" added David Marc, meaninglessly, in the *Voice*. Must *Voice* critics always overintellectualize everything? The Great One was a sublime comic genius, pure and simple. And no one we would care to listen to ever called him a primitive.

On the other hand, *Times* music critic Bernard Holland merely makes the joyful look dull. "Summer music in the great outdoors poses an annual question," he wrote, "that we're usually too hot and sticky to expend much energy on." That's true, but the Sophoclean Holland is in his laborious stride. "Do art and nature go together, or are they hopelessly antagonistic rivals for our attention?" Answers in no more than 350 words, please. *Loosen up*, Bernard! People like to have fun occasionally, without worrying about musical subtlety in the great outdoors.

Some reviewers, of course, like to review themselves, thereby ensuring a favorable reaction. "The other day, with back issues of *Details* piled in front of me," wrote *Details*'s modest art critic, Cookie Mueller, "I started reading my most recent column and I was elated to realize that I am truly an unsparing critic of certain visual and intellectual atrocities. All I do is bitch, bitch, bitch." My, my, my. But the cute Cookie goes on (and on): "Being a malcontent, lodging complaints right and left can make you a better person." And if Cookie believes that, Cookie believes anything.

I thought the glorification of Wall

Street had abated due to circumstances well within its control. But John Taylor of *Manhattan, inc.* had to think otherwise, because he was writing a puff piece about Oliver Stone's upcoming movie, *Wall Street*, whose "technical director" is Kenneth Lipper, the former deputy mayor of New York, who now runs his own bank. Inspired by Lipper's keen eye for detail, intrepid John Taylor hit on "a number of . . . striking similarities" between Stone's *Wall Street* and his Oscar-winning *Platoon*: "The trading floors of Wall Street, like the jungles of Vietnam, can be a place of intense, sometimes searing experience, a place where groups of men undertake complicated fast-paced tasks that require complete concentration and instantaneous decisions." That's what America was doing in "the jungles of Vietnam" all along, you see—risk arbitrage.

But let's look to the future! "Next year," writes Joan Kron, editor in chief of *Avenue* magazine, no less, "we intend to carry on our commitment to be the definitive magazine for and about the working rich." On second thought, let's not look to the future, at least with the Kookaburra Kron. I'd prefer to enjoy the last of the summer wine and the best of the summer reviews, in the marvelous company of Karen MacNeil, *GQ*'s freelance wine and corkscrew expert.

"As a woman, I know that opening a bottle of wine—like any of the provinces of manhood—is as much a matter of technique as tool," she begins coyly. "The first thing men seem to notice about a corkscrew is how it feels in the hand. It's the old tactile-satisfaction-of-a-good-fit phenomenon. . . . But I can tell you that when a woman buys a corkscrew she does *not* turn it over and over in her hand and ape imaginary inserting actions as men do. . . ."

Quite right! But the erudite MacNeil goes on to recommend the best corkscrew, known as the Screwpull, and helpfully instructs on correct corking technique, invoking the wise words of her corkscrew teacher from the Windows on the World Wine School. "First you find the center," he explained to the class. "Then you put the screw in. Go slowly and push it in. Now you pull it out a little. Very gently. Then you stick it back in again and push it in all the way this time. Remember, go slowly. After it's all the way in, you can ease it out."

I'll buy that. ☺

Appraising the ASPHALT School



BY TAD FRIEND

JAMES MILTON BROWN GLANCES up from his canvas and says, "If Georges Seurat walked down Fifth Avenue today and saw my paintings, he would say to me, 'Hey, that's great. Fantastic!'" Brown is a

ART

neopointillist who uses a needle-tipped pen to copy photographs of rock stars and plain folks, recomposing them into portraits: Marvin Gaye, Michael Jackson, and any grinning eight-year-old girl whose father is willing to part with \$55.

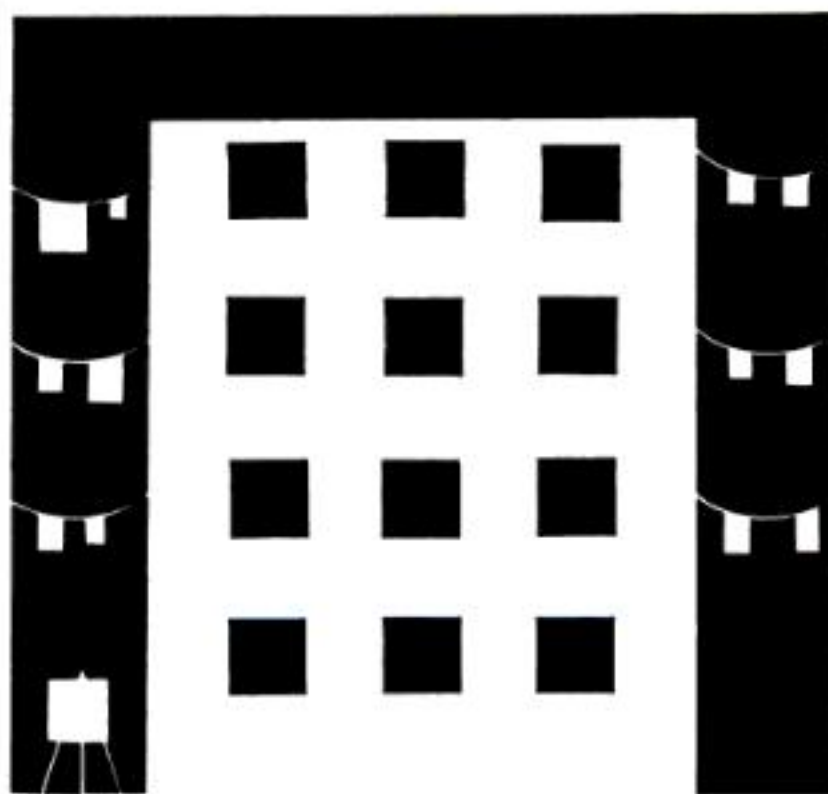
Brown is one of Manhattan's sidewalk painters. This nomadic group alights at certain busy intersections, displays its canvases and then, often prodded by police swagger sticks, moves on toward obscurity. Deprived of even the traditional artistic shelters—the Studio With Northern Light; the Smoky Coffee Shop; the Drafty Loft With No Hot Water and a Nasty Roach Problem—the Asphalt School trace out their destinies in full view of a largely oblivious public. But one day, perhaps sooner than we think, bourgeois philistines everywhere will awake and tremble before these neglected geniuses, geniuses who are even now expanding the boundaries of certain misunderstood genres: the Jungle Animal on Lucite or Black Velvet, and the Sunset Over Midtown Impressed Onto a Thin Metal Sheet That Looks Like Silver But Probably Isn't.

The movement these painters have most obviously appropriated is Impressionism. The new Salon des Refusés (given the proximate street litter, call it the Salon des Refuse) follows in the footsteps of Renoir and Degas: the paintings display the same rough handling of subject, the same palette of clear, bright colors applied with broken (not to say maimed) brushwork

and the same rough-sketch urgency. Outlines are once more shunned, and the fleeting, the contingent, is celebrated in the daubed blurs of pigeons who wheel around fungible Statues of Liberty.

Like Monet with his six gardeners, the Sidewalkers embody precisely the values most artistic rebels would scorn—hence their ironic, iconic power. The picnics and boating parties the Impressionists favored find their counterpart in the Asphalt School's fascination with the Statue of Liberty, the sky-scraping skyline and the Brooklyn Bridge—all the profitable icons.

The father of the Pavement Group, Delbart Duchein, says that when he began drawing New York scenes in 1969, "they laughed at me." But he now makes a comfortable living selling the prints of his finicky perspective drawings of the bourgeoisie strolling in front of Rockefeller Center and Shubert Alley. Like Manet be-



fore him, he paints with an anomalous precision; most of his followers wouldn't dream of filling a canvas with 1 million pen strokes, as Duchein did for his by now legendary drawing of the corner of 44th and Broadway.

Indeed, the other clear influence on these macaronic painters is a revisionist version of Futurism, whose manifesto, written in 1908 by F. T. Marinetti, declared that "the splendor of the world has been enriched with a new form of beauty, the beauty of speed." The Pavement Group doesn't represent speed; it embodies it. Which is why Anthony Robinson, chronicler of the Brooklyn Bridge in all its fretful moods, says, "Acrylic is the best—it's brighter and it dries quicker."

Artists have to paint fast to make money on the street, where a two-by-three-foot canvas will sell for \$30, and a similarly

sized print goes for \$5. The line between commerce and art, blurred by Andy Warhol's soup cans, is one these artists cross every day. Sometimes they feel the guilt of scab workers betraying a picket line; stuffing his hands in his pockets, Delbart Duchein says quietly, "Art isn't supposed to be commerce—you're supposed to do it for love. But living in this city isn't cheap."

But often they feel no guilt—understandably, considering the bourgeois philistine obstacles they face. The city classifies artists who sell their paintings in public as street vendors and requires them to be licensed. But given the two-year wait for licenses, most painters take their chances with a police force known to seize paintings. (If the confiscated work is not claimed, the Police Property Clerk has a choice of selling it at auction, giving it to a needy family or—ignoble deed—*destroying it*.) The police are also known for having driven members of the Asphalt School steadily downtown, from an encampment in front of the Metropolitan Museum to a spot near the Museum of Modern Art to the wide flagstones in front of the New York Public Library.

The city is often cruel to those who render its glories, but some artists struggle on, determined to realize their material, if not their artistic, vision. Indeed, it may be that if the Asphalt School augurs anything, it is an intensification of pop art's witting commercialism. Soon all our best and most revered artists may be painting familiar scenes and familiar faces with such a dull, restricted palette and such a bland sensibility that they cannot fail to shock the tourist from his walking catatonia, cannot fail to sell. *Awake! C'mon now, awake! You're really missing out on something fabulous here. . . . Check it out!*

James Milton Brown recalls his bitter disappointment when the police removed him from the South Street Seaport last July 4, and he was stuck with 412 of his 500 pointillist prints of the Statue of Liberty. "I was finally going to get into business, get a van, a studio. Then my dream was shattered." Brown sighs deeply. "But I picked myself up and I'm back—I don't let anything stop me from reaching my goals." As if to demonstrate his resolve, Brown returns to rapidly dotting out the face of another rock star, apparently Billy Squier, trying to bring out every hair, every nuance of his subject and his vision—trying to be worthy of Seurat. 3

Backwater

CUISINE

BY ANN HODGMAN

I REALIZE THAT SHE'S DEAD AND that there are some toes you just don't step on in this culture, but the fact remains: Janis Joplin wasn't really a good singer. If she were to come back today as a food,

she'd be some kind of awful regional dish. *So earthy!* the foodies would bellow. *So quirkily honest, so down-home! Such a powerful antidote to our synthetic, overcivilized lives!*

EATING

"Like white hot dogs?" pipes up a little boy from my hometown, Rochester, New York. Yes, sonny, exactly like them. White hots—which taste like ordinary dogs and look even nastier—are a perfect example of *real* regional cuisine. Not the kind of regional dish Paul Prudhomme makes for Craig Claiborne's birthday, but the kind that arrivistes like me pretend they've never tasted.

No, really, I'm happy to be from Rochester, birthplace of Zab's Backyard Hots. We're very proud of Zab's. We think they make a lovely present for the folks downstate.

White hots are made from ham, pork, beef, veal, mustard, paprika and other spices. At the same time, say their creators mysteriously, they contain *no seasonings*. What are spices if not seasoning? And anyway, why brag about selling unseasoned food? "We wanted to make sure that three hours later you're not belching," explains company president Don Zabkar helpfully. (Maybe *seasonings* is a Rochester euphemism for *garlic*, the way *sick* is a traveler's euphemism for—well, you know.) There's an advertising slogan in there somewhere, I feel sure. "*Three hours after Zab's White Hots, you're still not belching!*"

But why should I feel ashamed? At least white hots contain no variety meats, whereas the most famous regional protein from Pennsylvania—scrapple—seems to be

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made of little else. It's silly to be concerned about this, of course. Meat is meat, whether it's tucked demurely away under a rib or right out there next to the eye. In any case, Ingredient Concern seems a little starry-eyed in these days of ozone depletion. Still, it gives me some pleasure to realize that some of the ingredients in dog food are considered a little too . . . chichi to be used in scrapple.

My decade-old memory of opening a can of dog food to find an unprocessed pig's snout still makes me fly into the air, but according to the *Times*, things like snouts give scrapple a false elegance. Some scrapple makers, the paper says, "break further with tradition by enriching their scrapple with such parts as snouts, ears and tails, parts that would formerly have been served on their own." It seems that all real scrapple needs is "useless pork parts, neckbones, backs, skins and livers." And, of course, buckwheat, which is what makes the mixture so nice and gray.

O-kay! Let's fry some up! I have a plastic-wrapped block of Parks scrapple here that my husband has forbidden me to cook or even open in front of him. I can hardly blame him; this is perhaps the ugliest food I've ever seen, despite the fact that it does contain those fancy pig snouts. Sidewalk-colored, it's flecked with white blobs and translucent bits of gristle that bounce back when palpated through the plastic. If you look closely, you can see tiny yellow dots throughout, and those pink things. . . . I'm sorry, but I can't bring myself to cut the package open. (I'm treading close enough to Mystery Meat jokes as it is.)

Parks scrapple is made not in Pennsylvania but in Baltimore, which is home to some pretty repellent regional dishes itself. One of these is roast turkey with sauerkraut. I don't object to sauerkraut, but am I alone in thinking it's supposed to go with things like white hots? I guess so. "I just couldn't live without my sauerkraut on Thanksgiving," claims a Baltimore woman who—like other Baltimoreans that I've spoken to—obstinately refuses to admit there's anything disgusting about holiday kraut. "It's no worse than cranberry sauce," says a friend of mine, probably crossing her fingers as she speaks.

I hear you're supposed to start with canned sauerkraut. (This part is fine with me. The recipe for fresh sauerkraut in *The Joy of Cooking* tells you to remove the scum daily.) You add some water and a ham

hock and cook it for, I swear, ten hours. "It stinks up the house," my friend says proudly. But doesn't sauerkraut get soggy—soggier, I mean—when it's cooked that long? "But it doesn't get tangy enough unless you cook it for a long time!"

They don't stop there, though: Baltimore Thanksgivings also include hominy, starch's uncanny imitation of large-curd cottage cheese. But I don't mean to talk only about Thanksgiving—not when another Baltimore specialty is beef kidney stew on waffles.

Speaking of waffles, how about some breakfast? Let's switch to my hometown-in-law, Kansas City, which has few culinary lapses except when it tries to get European. True, it sometimes takes blood-and-guts cooking too far—the Hen House sells chicken hearts in cardboard vats the size of those stupefyingly large tubs of movie popcorn—but I think we've all had enough variety protein for today. For the most part, Kansas City's food mistakes are rare.

There's one exception: T. J. Cinnamons Bakery rolls and sticky buns.

It's not only that T. J. Cinnamons sounds like the name of a rascally li'l cartoon character soon to be licensed to Hallmark. It's not only that the rolls are individually packed in Styrofoam containers so that you keep thinking, *A Big Mac is in there*, despite yourself. It's not only that T. J. Cinnamons franchises sell soft drinks, forcing you to imagine what it would be like to wash down a pecan sticky bun with Sprite.

It's the rolls themselves. Although the top half is like a dry, raisinless raisin bread, the bottom half is drenched, squishy, literally oozing melted butter and sugar. (Maybe things would even out if you turned the rolls upside down for a few days.) When you order a cinnamon roll, they ask, "Do you want icing with that?" and when you say yes, they squeeze big lines of it all over the top. When you order a pecan sticky bun, they scrape up extra stickum from the bottom of the pan and spread it on the pecans. I know, I know—it sounds great. But bear in mind that the rolls weigh something like *half a pound apiece*. These people want us to die.

Well, I'm full—how 'bout you? Let's talk about huevos rancheros and fried pies and chili with spaghetti and jelly omelets another time. Meanwhile, I'll just be glad that I don't live in a region. ☺

I'm O.K., You Believe in ALIENS



BY LEWIS GROSSBERGER

MAJOR VONKEVICZKY WAS furious. His plump forefinger jabbed perilously near my cowering sternum.

Thank God he wasn't mad at me. It was the *Daily News* that had provoked him.

SCIENCE AND YOU

The major had just handed the *Daily News* indisputable evidence that the true target of the Strategic Defense Initiative (Star Wars

to you and me) was not Red missiles but *UFO forces from outer space*.

And what had the *Daily News* done with the indisputable evidence? Dropped it in the nearest trash basket.

Major Ret. Colman S. VonKEVICZKY, MMSE, as his publicity handouts refer to him, is a short, stout man with white hair and a brush mustache, whose military bearing evokes a grand old Teutonic katzenjammer spirit that I, for one, have sorely missed in recent years. He identified himself as an international military scientist and project director of the Intercontinental UFO Galactic Spacecraft Research and Analytic Network.

"I am now protesting against *Daily News*," the major may or may not have bellowed in a richly incomprehensible Hungarian accent. He pointed around the hallways of Public School 41, in Greenwich Village, where a crowd was milling about at a daylong convention sponsored by the New York Center for UFO Research. "Here are *serious* people," he probably said. "This is not an amusement park. They are expressing a serious problem."

I guess I'd have to agree with the major. A number of people I met at the UFO convention did indeed seem to be expressing serious problems.

One tall, thin young man, who in profile resembled Margaret Hamilton, stood in the exhibit room (normally the cafeteria), wearing a name tag that read

RICHARD MORROW, CONTACTEE-ABDUCTEE.

He said he had come to the convention from New Mexico, where he is an artist, and had brought along some work to show. The most striking was a portrait of a multicolored distorted nonhuman face with a gaping maw. Must be his rendition of an alien being, I surmised. No, Richard said. Actually, it was his rendition of his own expression at the moment a UFO landed in his front yard. "I jumped up and went, 'Waaaaah!'" he explained.

We had a pleasant chat. Richard told me that he has had thousands of alien contacts. His first abduction was only four years ago, but his first sighting was back in 1959. "I don't watch TV," he said. "I watch the skies."

I wondered why the aliens chose to abduct him and never me.

"Well," said Richard, "I think it's because I'm not from here."

They don't take New Yorkers?

That wasn't what he meant. "I'm from another star system," he said. "The Pleiades."

You run into a lot of foreigners in New York, but this was a first for me. The Pleiades are a cluster of stars in the constella-



tion Taurus, located approximately 540 light-years from P.S. 41.

Richard revealed that he was a man with a mission. "The Intergalactic Council instructed me to access myself to a wide audience and assist humanity in its awakening," he said. "I'm being directed. I get static energy to get with it."

I was getting some myself, so I went off to inspect the other exhibits.

There were numerous UFO books and magazines for sale. There were THEY'RE HERE! T-shirts going for \$8 (extra for

rhinestones or glitter paint). There was a sign reading TAKE A PICTURE WITH A SPACE ALIEN. SOUVENIR \$5.

And there was more UFO art. My favorite was a painting titled *Alien Abduction*, which showed a villainous-looking, bug-eyed, bulb-domed, Spock-eared alien nestling lasciviously in the bosom of a voluptuous, nude redheaded earthling, her eyes closed in rapturous anticipation of interspecies union.

There was a guy selling ancient-Egyptian papyrus art. I asked him what the connection was to UFOs. "You're the third person who's asked me that," he said. "I'm not sure why the organizers asked me to come here, but I've always had the intuitive feeling that the ancient Egyptians were involved in UFO activity somehow. The building of the Pyramids may have been related to UFOs."

I strolled into the auditorium. It was un-air-conditioned and packed with 500 or so very hot people, some fanning themselves. Onstage was an Asian woman wearing a black off-the-shoulder dress and the longest hair in the room.

Any good scientific convention has its celebrity participant. The speaker was the



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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

In this month's puzzle, there is much to despise. And these dubious explanations will only make things worse. Let me say that my purpose was only to bring up issues of sexism and vileness, in the most caring and concerned sort of way. And yet, when I got the bit in my teeth. . . . What a nice word I Across is! What kind of mentality would enclue it so foully? Of course, Hitchcock himself was no instinctive candidate for the NOW auxiliary, was he? Is any man? Has any man ever been? You'd think that if anyone was, a guy like me would be, and look what spews from my puzzle. —R.B.

ACROSS

1. The "with a" in this clue was made necessary by the last-minute discovery that the proper spelling of this word is *MacGuffin*. On page 473 of *The International Dictionary of Films and Filmmakers*, it is spelled *McGuffin*, and I understand that this spelling was authorized by a presidential finding that Admiral John Poindexter lost. *Someone* should be horse-whipped, but not the inscrutable Poindexter, who, for all we know, might enjoy it. Hitchcock used the term *MacGuffin* to mean, as he put it, "what everybody on the screen is looking for, but the audience don't care"—in other words, whatever it was that everybody was looking for in *The 39 Steps*. Which was what? The rest of the bad guy's finger? All us fellows can remember is Madeleine Carroll in cuffs—*woo!* The first letter ("head") of *goat* is *g*, substituted for the second *M* (Roman numeral for 1,000) in *McMuffin*.
5. Take away *uell boys*, in other words. I trust none of them read *SPY*, at any rate. The one physical relationship of Frederick the Great's life (according to something I read in *Newsday* or somewhere about famous poofstahs in history) was broken up when his father had the significant other, a guy, decapitated before young Fred's eyes. And people complain about *women*.
9. *Over*, A.C., T.S.
11. By 25 we mean entry number 25, which is pretty much the cornerstone of this puzzle.
12. *L* and *B* are the tops of *loose bimbos*.
14. Why do I have to raise this point? Why hasn't Andrea Dworkin? The point is, why is an *adventurer* primarily dashing, whereas an *adventuress* is a sleaze? And what do you want me to do about it?
18. *Realist até*.
22. *No Okie*. According to Webster's, the proper spelling is *nooky*. Well, do you think a vile concept like this deserves to be spelled properly?
23. To use *bitch* as a synonym for *underdog* is indefensible. Unless you have ever seen dogs in congress. *Do* we in this country pull for the underdog anymore? Well, it isn't easy to do that and to bear the burdens of preemptive world domination at the same time.

24. *Dian* is most of *Diana*.
25. *Do a Christine Jorgensen* (she was the first man to achieve fame by becoming a woman), alone, with all due respect and the double meaning of *do*, would have done here. But this puzzle, this month, is not about to err on the side of simple elegance. And we've got to have *Hart*. To ask *Will Gary Hart ever again?* is to imply an almost misty-eyed compassion for the man—a measure of the depths to which this puzzle descends. Put yourself in his shoes, though. Which reminds me that someone once said of Warren Beatty, "He puts on his pants one leg at a time just like everybody else. He just does it more often."
26. If you took the trouble to check a good dictionary—as I did, in desperation—you know that *reebok* is Afrikaans for "male roe deer" and the *bok* (buck) part is what makes it male. The president's former employer, of course, is *GE*, and *Z* is a snore. Have you heard this one? The Reagans are hosting a big formal state dinner at the White House and suddenly Nancy smells something. She looks around, turns to Ron and whispers, "Did you fart?" "No," he says. "Should I?"

DOWN

1. To low is to *moo*; *K* is the symbol for a knockout, or a whiff; *i.e.* is "that is." I assume you know who Mookie Wilson is, unless you read the paper like a girl.
3. Energy is *E*, in physics. A fiancée is—and no, this is *not* a very gracious way of putting it—a would-be bride.
4. "Threaten identity in close" would be a tighter clue. But this puzzle has to reach for something hinting of hanky-panky with the female of *another species*.
17. Real nice, huh? Decimation, properly speaking, means executing one of every ten.
19. *e.e.* (cummings) mixed with rearranged *uwang*. You'll notice I didn't say anything about a new age coming once a year for everyone except women. That is the *old sexism*.
21. "Getting somewhere" is progress. So you see, after all: an upbeat ending. The light at the end of the Tunnel of Love. *Gatsby* thought it was green. ☺

1	M	C	G	U	F	F	I	N		5	S	O	D	O	M	Y
	O		E		I		N				V	U				A
9	O	V	E	R	A	C	T	S		10	V	E	S	T	A	L
	K		H		N		I				R	D				E
11	I	C	A	N	C	O	M	E		12	O	B	L	O	N	G
	E		W		E		I		13	G		I	O			I
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16	R	E	A	L	E	S	T	A	T	E						
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26	G	E	E	Z	E	R			27	O	F	F	E	N	S	E

noted amatory memoirist May Pang, identified on a sign in the lobby as JOHN LENNON'S GIRLFRIEND.

She had come to report that she and John had once spotted a UFO hovering outside when they were together in an apartment on East 52nd Street. May described that historic incident and also revealed that she later saw another UFO, on her own, near Tavern on the Green.

Questions came from the audience. A woman wanted to know if the Tavern on the Green UFO might have been the same one *she* had seen while walking up Eighth Avenue in 1979.

"No," said May. "Mine was last year."

"Were you kidnapped?" another questioner asked of the Lennon sighting.

"No, we just *saw* one."

I took in several more talks, most of which were accompanied by slides. Timothy Beckley, the *UFO Review* publisher, a blond man wearing a large crystal on a chain around his neck, showed slides of Stonehenge, the Loch Ness monster, giant carvings in the earth and fairy mounds constructed by pagans and Druids. He felt that all of these might somehow be connected to UFOs. Bigfoot, too.

"We need air," someone shouted.

Major VonKeviczky strode to the lectern. He launched an impassioned discourse in which he demanded that the world's governments immediately cease the undeclared war they have secretly waged against UFOs since 1942, or risk triggering a confrontation with superior space powers that could spell doom for the human race.

At least, I think he did. Unfortunately, the major was losing his audience, due to a combination of heat and unintelligibility.

A couple of restless men sitting behind me had started recounting their own extraterrestrial confrontations.

"I never had seen anything like this in my life," one was saying. "*It was beyond my ability to explain.*"

His neighbor launched into the tale of a sighting of two mother ships in New Jersey. "I was with two friends who are psychic," he said, "and they were getting messages from the UFOs."

The first man couldn't top that. The second man said he was a bit disappointed that he hadn't heard much at the convention that he considered new. "Maybe," he said, "they're holding things back because they feel the public isn't ready for it." ☺

PRIZE

Surprise



BY ELLIS WEINER

ONCE AGAIN I HAVE FAILED TO win a Nobel prize—in my case, for literature. It wasn't for lack of trying. I would rise every morning, brimming with zest and optimism, determined to create a

HOW TO
BE A
GROWN-
UP

body of literary work in which man (or, as we call him in our house, Man) is redeemed from an absurdist exile in a valueless void

by the healing powers of love and commitment. But you know how it is: just as I'm lying in bed, mapping my artistic and philosophic strategy for the day, the baby wakes up, leaps to his tiny feet in the crib and announces his desire for a bottle of milk with a plaintive "Dah-tu? Dah-tu...?" (It's his word for "bottle." Don't you think he's cute?)

By the time I trudge to the kitchen to get the damn dah-tu, get dressed, scan the *Times*, return several phone calls, write things that make money, and make dinner, the day is shot. About all I had after a year of such distractions—my oeuvre, that is—was a legal pad with the words CREATE BODY LIT. WK. N.B.: MAYBE REDEEM MN FRM ABS'IST. X-ILE W/ LOVE, ETC.?

I also intend, as I have scribbled on a note to myself on some other legal pad somewhere, to LEARN PORTUGUESE TO WRITE BRAZLN. MYST. NVL. But I know, in what I laughingly call the innermost reaches of my soul, that I will probably sooner win a Pulitzer prize (in anything) than actually acquire the language of Jorge Amado and Machado de Assis, which I have always thought of as being a fillet of Spanish, or French shot through with a mild electric current.

Learning a new language is so difficult; winning a Pulitzer is so easy. True, I didn't quite get one this year, but not winning the Pulitzer is like not finding the little compass in a Cracker Jack box: soon-

er or later one turns up. After all, if Beth Henley wins the PP for drama for *Crimes of the Heart*, can my own—for dah-tu fetching, if nothing else—be that far off? Just about anyone can garner one of those jobbies, so plentiful are they each year, so extensive their list of categories—and most are awarded to newspaper reporters, most of whom are not so much writers as fact checkers with Underwoods.

As for literature, let us speak as men, straightforwardly and without fear: Pulitzer prizes in fiction and drama are awarded yearly to those works that most baldly and unthreateningly, in traditional form, set forth clichés about America, family, love, "life" and all other topics that would not disturb the mental slumber of a *Reader's Digest* poetry editor. There are exceptions—the nifty musical of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* won the PP for drama in 1962—but by and large one's response to learning that X has won is the opposite of "How wonderful! I must read/see it immediately!"

At least, it is if one is of my generation—or, rather, if one is of a segment of my generation other than that ever-increasing gang whose members have taken to worshipping what they used to profess to despise. Because, as every grown-up knows, prizes—Nobels, Pulitzers, Oscars and all the rest—are simply high school citizenship awards writ large and, occasionally, in Swedish. That is to say, they are tokens of Official Approval—which the best minds of my generation spent their educational years learning to challenge, critique, razz and contemptuously ignore.

I should know. Official Approval and I go way back. Was I not the first, and possibly only, student in Pikesville Senior High history to both serve as president of the honor society and then *flunk out of the society altogether* in my final semester of senior year? I ask you: did a measly little D in calculus (not regular math, mind you; I'm talking about *calculus*) mean I was suddenly not honorable enough to graduate with the semicoveted gold tassel? But never mind. Just remember that I did win that freshman essay contest at college one year later (theme: a Jungian analysis of *Moby Dick*. Cash award: \$40). So I know what it's like to win big prizes, believe me, and am therefore not bitter or anything.

Sure, it's nice to be awarded. I am reminded of what one of the musicians in the group Toto said when, after the group won



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a few Grammys some years ago, he was asked by a reporter if such awards "meant anything." After a half second's pause he replied, "They do now!"

But then that was Toto, whose music does not itself mean anything. Literature and drama often aspire to mean something, and when they do, Nobels and Pulitzers claim to salute it. But one of the artist's tasks is to critique the massive social and political institutions that in giving shape and definition to life inevitably constrain it. And so the artist must be prepared to relinquish the official approval of those very institutions. And that means, *like me*, not winning the Nobel prize. It is a stern challenge, but writers like myself have been meeting it squarely for our entire careers.

Besides, the list of my fellow nonwinners is impressive. Nabokov, after all, never got his Nobel, and Sartre declined his. (Besides thrilling the masses, this magnificent refusal earned Sartre the nickname that would dog him for the rest of his life: the George C. Scott of World Literature.)

What we need is an anti-award, for achievements outside the boundaries deemed appropriate by the conservative, fuddy-duddy, poopy old Nobel committee—an award that would celebrate the not nice, the usefully subversive, the institution-busting, the illuminatingly perverse. Therefore let there be a *Noble Prize* in Literature, for work the Swedes find too hot to handle. Posthumous recipients: Vladimir Nabokov, Mark Twain. Current nominee: Norman Mailer.

Or, if we must honor the banal and the dutifully uplifting, let's go all the way with the Pull It, Sir prize for jerking-off works of fiction and drama that reach for the spiritual and metaphysical stars with one hand as they massage their primary erogenous zones with the other. Honorary nominee: Marsha Norman, for the play *Traveler in the Dark*. Current nominee: everyone complicit in *Les Misérables*.

The grown-up is a grown-up because he learns to put his or her parents into perspective—their praise as well as their criticism. Prize coveting is just the adult version of making mother and father proud. In our cultural household the Nobel is a backslap (and a hefty cash gift) from Dad, while a Pulitzer is a kiss from Mom. Artists of America: grow up. (Members of either committee: write me in care of this magazine, or call collect.) ☺

Beauty and the

BEEF



BY JOEY GREEN

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU opened a carton in a fast-food restaurant to find a hamburger as appetizing as the ones in the TV commercials? Did you ever look past the counter help to catch a glimpse of

SELLING

a juicy hamburger patty, handsomely branded by the grill, sizzling and crackling as it glides over roaring flames, with tender juices sputtering into the fire? On television the burger is a magnificent slab of flame-broiled beef—majestically topped



with crisp iceberg lettuce, succulent red tomatoes, tangy onions and plump pickles, all between two halves of a towering sesame-seed bun. But, of course, the real-life Whoppers don't quite measure up.

The ingredients of a TV Whopper are, unbelievably, the same as those used in real Whoppers sold to average consumers. But like other screen personalities, the Whopper needs a little help from makeup.

When making a Burger King commercial, J. Walter Thompson, the company's advertising agency, usually devotes at least one full day to filming "beauty shots" of the food. Burger King supplies the agency with several large boxes of frozen

beef patties. But before a patty is sent over the flame broiler, a professionally trained food stylist earning between \$500 and \$750 a day prepares it for the camera.

The crew typically arrives at 7:00 a.m. and spends two hours setting up lights that will flatter the burger. Then the stylist, aided by two assistants, begins by burning "flame-broiling stripes" into the thawed hamburger patties with a special Madison Avenue branding iron. Because the tool doesn't always leave a rich, charcoal-black impression on the patty, the stylist uses a fine paintbrush to darken the singed crevices with a sauce the color of used motor oil. The stylist also sprinkles salt on the patty so when it passes over the flames, natural juices will be encouraged to rise to the meat's surface.

Thus branded, retouched and juiced, the patties are run back and forth over a conveyor-belt broiler while the director films the little spectacle from a variety of angles. Two dozen people watch from the wings: lighting assistants, prop people, camera assistants, gas specialists, the client and agency people—producers, writers, art directors. Of course, as the meat is broiled blood rises to the surface in small pools. Since, for the purposes of advertising, bubbling blood is not a desirable special effect, the stylist, like a prissy microsurgical nurse, continually dabs at the burger with a Q-Tip.

Before the patty passes over the flame a second time, the food stylist maneuvers a small electric heater an inch or so above the burger to heat up the natural fatty juices until they begin to steam and sizzle. Otherwise puddles of grease will cover the meat. Sometimes patties are dried out on a bed of paper towels. Before they're sent over the flame broiler again, the stylist lubricates them with a drop of corn oil to guarantee picturesque crackling and sizzling.

If you examine any real Whopper at any Burger King closely, you'll discover flame-broiling stripes only on the top side of the beef patty. Hamburgers are sent through the flame broiler once; they're never flipped over. The commercials imply otherwise. On television a beef patty, fetchingly covered with flame-broiling stripes, travels over the broiler, indicating that the burger has been flipped to sear stripes into the other side.

In any case, the camera crew has just five or ten seconds in the life cycle of a TV Whopper to capture good, sizzling brown

beef on film. After that the hamburger starts to shrink rapidly as the water and grease are cooked from it. Filming lasts anywhere from three to eight hours, depending upon the occurrence of a variety of technical problems—heavy smoke, grease accumulating on the camera equipment, the gas specialist's failure to achieve a perfect, preternaturally orange glowing flame. Out of one day's work, and anywhere between 50 and 75 hamburgers, the agency hopes to get five seconds of usable footage. Most of the time the patties are either too raw, bloody, greasy or small.

Of course, the cooked hamburger patty depicted sitting on a sesame-seed bun in the commercial is a different burger from those towel-dried, steak-sauce-dabbed, corn-oiled specimens that were filmed sliding over the flames. This presentation patty hasn't been flame-broiled at all. It's been branded with the phony flame-broiling marks, retouched with the steak sauce—and then microwaved.

Truth in advertising, however, is maintained, sort of: when you're shown the final product—a completely built hamburger topped with sliced vegetables and condiments—you are seeing the actual quantities of ingredients found on the average real Whopper. On television, though, you're only seeing half of the hamburger—the front half. The lettuce, tomatoes, onions and pickles have all been shoved to the front of the burger. The stylist has carefully nudged and manicured the ingredients so that they sit just right. The red, ripe tomatoes are flown in fresh from California the morning of the shoot. You might find such tomatoes on your hamburger—if you ordered several hundred Whoppers early in the morning, in Fresno. The lettuce and tomatoes are cut, trimmed and then piled on top of a cold cooked hamburger patty, and the whole construction is sprayed with a fine mist of glycerine to glisten and shimmer seductively. Finally the hamburger is capped with a painstakingly handcrafted sesame-seed bun. For at least an hour the stylist has been kneeling over the bun like a lens grinder, positioning each sesame seed. He dips a toothpick in Elmer's glue and, using a pair of tweezers, places as many as 300 seeds, one by one, onto a formerly bald bun.

When it's all over, the crew packs up the equipment, and 75 gorgeous-looking hamburgers are dumped in the garbage. ③

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Have You Read BARRY Manilow?



BY MARJORIE WILLIAMS

ASK ANY AUTHOR WHO'S BEEN around the block: shamelessness is a wonderful quality in a publisher. This precept is helpful armature for all who witness the annual convention of the American Booksellers Association, a four-day encounter with an industry's id.

It took place over Memorial Day weekend, drawing authors, booksellers, literary agents, hangers-on and everybody who is at least somebody in the publishing world. People do two things at ABA, as the convention is widely called: when they have the energy to bear it, they wander like ruminant cattle around the display area—in the case of this year's gathering, the two cavernous floors of the Washington Convention Center. The rest of the time they go to parties—teas, cocktails, buffets, dance bashes—thrown by publishers, literary agents and magazines at the minimum rate of 10 or 12 daily.

At these parties the talk is invariably of books:

"Are you going to Chuck Berry?"

"No, I went to the Temptations last night and it was a bust."

"Too bad, you should have been at Elvis."

These three parties were this year's major blowouts. The one known as the Temptations (thrown by G. P. Putnam's Sons to celebrate publication of the memoirs of Temptation Otis Williams) got a bad rating because of a cash bar and because it was held at a local discotheque recently described by *The Washingtonian* magazine as the best place in the city to meet Amway salesmen. Reviews of Knopf's party for *Elvis World*, by Jane and Michael Stern, were more enthusiastic.

There was ice cream. There were at least two Elvises. (One of the reasons people credit Knopf with having class is, perversely, that when it stoops to pop culture, it goes all out—even to serving hot dogs and hamburgers. And yes, an open bar.) The following night a crowd almost the size of the entire convention (better than 5,000) turned out at a Capitol Hill hotel to hear the aged Chuck Berry. Without benefit, as they say, of ghostwriter, Berry has written his autobiography for October publication by Crown.

There seemed to be even more celebrity books than usual this year. Just as two panting colleagues were discovered outside the pressroom, on the lam from a luncheon in honor of Vanna White, a publicist was heard to address the factotums at the press table: "Have you got a place where Joan Baez could sit down *quietly*?" Here Judy Collins, there Betty White. Marlo Thomas, Joseph Cotten and Peter, Paul and Mary; the unsinkable Bess Myerson, the chinless Barry Manilow, the . . . well, Julie Nixon Eisenhower.

Suffice it to say that of all these celebrities, who were trotted from autograph signing to panel, from press conference to banquet hall, Manilow (author of *Sweet Life: Adventures on the Way to Paradise*) and Eisenhower (present for the paperback publication of *Pat Nixon: The Untold Story*) stopped the most traffic. When Manilow's publisher unveiled him on the actual convention floor Saturday afternoon, he produced a physical force akin to tectonic shift. Because convention rules forbid the signing of autographs in all places except designated booths on the ground floor, the preternaturally tan singer, orangeish even in person, merely beatified the crowd from amid his swarm of bodyguards.

Of course, there were real authors at the convention, too: Richard Ford and Tom Wolfe, Mary Lee Settle and Ivan Doig, as well as those performance artists who occupy the free-fire zone in between: George Plimpton, meet Tama Janowitz.

ABA is not, of course, really about booksellers, who constitute only about one-quarter of the throng. Professional class consciousness is the rude cousin who crashes the event. After all, booksellers are known to ask for autographs; they only *sell* the efforts of authors with whom publishers get to drink the year round. One publicist, extending an invitation to a brunch in honor of Tom Wolfe's first novel, ex-



DON HO UPDATE ▲

"He's a health nut—he's in great shape. To me he's a phenomenon. He comes out there and you think, *Don Ho, he's an old shoe*, then he knocks you right out. He's a consummate professional. You know, he has that thing Maurice Chevalier had. I don't care what you say—he's an entertainer." — Eddie Sherman, former gossip columnist for *The Honolulu Advertiser*.

Party

After saying a big "Aloha, baby," the weary show biz giants boarded the Champagne Charter. But when Shecky Greene grabbed the PA microphone and announced, "Will all comedians please observe the NO JOKING sign," no one was too tired to laugh—except maybe Robert "Mr. Natalie Wood" Wagner (below), who snoozed right through the next whopper: "Attention all performers. Fasten your seat belts. We're going to be encountering some rough audiences up ahead!"



Sadly, words and pictures just can't do justice to this very special celebrity luau. Let Maura tell you in her own words. Call 925-5979 for this very, very special edition of *Party Poop* on Tape™.



VERY, VERY, V.I.P.

How else could you describe the passenger list for Celebrity Champagne Charter Flight 849, en route to exotic Maui, Hawaii, for the sensational Third Annual Aku Memorial Celebrity Golf & Tennis Tournament. SPY reporter **Maura Moynihan** accompanied 50 of the biggest names in the industry—and, of course, by "the industry" we mean the business, and by "the business" we mean show business—on a first-class excursion that was truly the stuff of fantasy. Acting just like real people among the swaying palm trees and balmy breezes, **Mike "Mannix" Connors** chatted with **Ron Ely**, of *Tarzan* fame, while **Ed "Who Put the Man in La Mancha" Ames** sipped a refreshing Aku Cup poolside, and **Henry "Moon River" Mancini** ambled by and reported, "I just finished working on *The Glass Menagerie*. It's not *Rambo*, but it's nice." The festivities all culminated in the celebration of **Chad "Dr. Joe Gannon"** and **Shelby Everett's** twenty-first wedding anniversary. ("Dr. Joe" had been administering relief all week—comic relief!), amid a special Maui re-creation of *Let's Make a Deal*—starring none other than **Monty Hall** and a nanny goat, with sexy **Mary Ann Mobley** and sexy **Barbara**



▲ **Eydie Gorme**, one half of everybody's favorite talent couple, shares a lollipop break with husband—partner—look-alike **Steve Lawrence**, known on Maui as the intellectual of the Aku Cup: "The world's a condominium," he said, commenting astutely on the communications revolution. Steve is still all broken up over the box office failure of *Ishtar*: "Dusty, Warren—I love those guys."



▲ **Kawabunga!** **Barbara "Jeannie" Eden** goes canoe-crazy in an ersatz Jeannie costume. Barbara, who is currently developing some scripts, confided exclusively to SPY, "I liked the costume, but I didn't like being in that bottle."

WARNING

IN THIS SPECIAL HOLLYWOOD-GOES-HAWAIIAN EDITION OF PARTY POOP, YOU WILL ENCOUNTER THE FOLLOWING WORDS AND PHRASES, SOME OF THEM MORE THAN ONCE, ALL SPOKEN BY MIDDLE-AGED TELEVISION PERFORMERS: *GIVING, SHARING, CARING, ENERGY, PROJECTS IN DEVELOPMENT* AND *I LOVE THOSE GUYS*. TO ANY READER WHO MAY BE OFFENDED BY THE USES OF THESE WORDS AND PHRASES, WE APOLOGIZE.

PARTY POOP GOES HAWAIIAN!

"Jeannie" Eden filling in for sexy **Carol Merrill**

And the laughter! The favorite inside joke of the comedy professionals, heard whenever a bikini'd blond draped a delicate floral wreath around a celebrity neck: "Hey! You just got lei'ed!" And they weren't even getting paid for these jokes!

And it was all made possible by a remarkable, beloved man named **Danny Arnold**, the mastermind behind everybody's favorite TV show, *Bewitched*. Longtime pal **Barbara "Jeannie" Eden** spoke for the industry when she said, "Danny is one of the most giving, caring, sharing people you'll ever meet in your life." But perhaps **Aku Tennis Host Jackie Cooper** described Arnold's dedication best: "This is the most extensive celebrity event in the world of its kind. It's not who beats who or who's a better athlete or who's better-looking or who has a better career—it's all about the love and the sharing and the good times, and it's all because of Danny."



▲ Four legends—and legendary friends—get ready to watch the climactic "wet 'n' wild" celebrity canoe race. Left to right, **Monty Hall**, **Shecky Greene** ("The camaraderie, the people, the energy—I haven't had one anxiety attack since I been here!"), classy **Craig T. Nelson** of *Poltergeist* fame and **Jack Carter** ("I just hung up on Tony Quinn. He can't make it. He's sick about it"). Among the other sorely missed no-shows: **Jim "Mr. Rock Hudson" Nabors**, **Jerry (The Day the Clown Cried) Lewis** and **John Forsythe**, of *To Rome With Love* fame.



▲ Two survivors swap future plans: the ubiquitous **Shecky Greene** ("I'm trying to get a series in Tel Aviv because the food is incredible") and **Sonny "Cher" Bono**, who spent most of every Maui morning videotaping his entourage courtside ("I have a lot of projects in development. I'm not as busy as Clint; I have more time to campaign [for mayor of Palm Springs]. I figure if he can do it, I can do it").

Don "Maxwell Smart" Adams with his best girl—she happens to be his daughter! Don got a bit tongue-tied, what with all the distinguished company: "I was on a funny mind roll out on the golf course," he apologized. "My mind was like a trigger. I couldn't run off the course and write the jokes down, could I?" No matter. Don's



hit Canadian TV show, *Check It Out!*, is causing a laugh sensation north of the border.

▲ Reporter **Maura Moynihan** gets a cuddle from **Bernie (Love Boat) Kopell**.



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PERSONALS

To the Duke—Miles and miles of empty space in between us... a telephone can't take the place of your smile... Am I talking too much? —Moose

Wanted: fast-talking clever guy—Dating-impaired need not apply. SPY Box #21

TREASURE HUNT If you have a theatre ticket, an amusement park pass, restaurant matches, a map of Europe, ski lift ticket, car keys, you can win. What's the treasure? Me, of course. I'm a SWF, 36, with a yearning for romance and adventure. Enter the treasure hunt today. SPY Box #14

Swell woman, tragically over thirty, seeks funny, smart pal to share declining years. Considered attractive by perfectly normal people. Not depressed, not on a diet, won't tell you my dreams. SPY Box #16

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SPY Personals get responses! Call (212) 925-5509 to place an ad or send a message.

JOSH - A redwood tree falls in the forest of love as you walk the aisle and live happily ever after! Congratulations - a fellow pharaoh!

CLANCY! - Happy Birthday to your BAD self and many more! the grit

I was a nightmare (see Aug. SPY), but at your request I have changed. Now I'm dependable and nice: the kind of guy you think you should marry. Problem is, I don't really excite you anymore. And the more I try to please, the more you resent my spineless obliging attitude. Now what? SPY Box #17.

OK, MISSY! Happy 30th birthday, Laura—and then some. That's right! Love, Nancy

Classifieds appear monthly in SPY. All orders must be typed and prepaid. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard, Visa or American Express. Please call (212) 925-5509. To calculate the cost, count each letter, space and punctuation mark in the classified you would like to run, and divide by 40. The result is the number of lines in a typeset ad. Figure price accordingly (see prices below). On request, we will set the first line in all capital letters. Minimum ad size is two lines. Please include your daytime telephone number and address on all correspondence, and send to SPY, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012, attention Lisa Auslander. All ads will be accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

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pressed this awareness succinctly, saying, "But I have to warn you, there are going to be a lot of booksellers there." (The book, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, was feted at the all-male Cosmos Club, a setting frosty enough to make the Century Club seem a subsidiary of Coney Island.)

On the convention floor, displays varied dramatically, from the simple booth draped in burlap to the sprawling Plastiscine displays of the majors, which can occupy as much space as, say, a two-bedroom apartment, complete with chairs, tables and a better class of carpet. At these meccas people stop to peck cheeks and schmooze—anything to sit and rest their feet—while the greeting-card publishers across the way, wallflowers at the prom, stare stoical and ungreeted into the middle distance.

Some determined booksellers come armed with portable shopping carts and pack away every poster, calendar and freebie paperback in their paths. Even a less frenzied visitor, who picked up a promo shopping bag with the intention of collecting a few catalogs, found herself with:

- one tongue depressor, embossed with the title, author and publisher of a book about family medicine, along with the line OPEN WIDE FOR GREATER PROFITS;
- one pot holder announcing *Ciro & Sal's Cookbook*;
- two mesh baseball caps (one celebrating a golf book by Arnold Palmer and one from Penguin Books: furthering its already considerable profits from the jackpot that was Garrison Keillor, Viking Penguin touts the book *How to Speak Minnesotan*. An employee told of a harried visitor who rushed up to the booth and inquired, "Is this the Minnesota Vikings Press?");
- one 45 featuring two songs by the B-52's. All efforts to determine its literary raison d'être were unavailing;
- a postcard showing Garfield perched on the lap of the memorialized Abe Lincoln.

Many publishers reserve their greatest efforts for the tableaux vivants that clot the convention floor. A display for *Buckskin Brigades*, a reprint of "L. Ron Hubbard's precedent-setting first historical action-fiction novel," included four actors in buckskin, a "squaw" and a life-size imitation horse. Spookiest was the specter that greeted you at the Doubleday booth: a three-dimensional waxen simulacrum of Bill Cosby, complete with cozy V-necked sweater in Jimmy Carter blue. So lifelike



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was it that the hair on the back of your neck sent a chilling suggestion that NBC hadn't really gone far enough to render Cosby a symbol safe for America; Doubleday had finished the job. (The observer will grant that her paranoia meter was turned up high: the previous evening a major literary agent had been heard to say twice of a black client, "She only writes about black people, of course, but the next one should be much more accessible.")

But the metaphysics prize goes to Alfred Van Der Marck Editions, a hip New York publisher of art books whose major fall title is a volume on the sculpture of J. Seward Johnson Jr. (Well, all right—a usually hip publisher.) Its booth featured a

changing cast of real people, painted gold, pretending most convincingly to be Seward Johnson sculptures pretending to be real people. This display ran afoul of the convention rule against "soliciting" in the convention aisles. "They keep chasing our bloody sculptures away," complained the publisher, with not unreasonable irritation: these Johnsonoids were, after all, standing perfectly still, and the petty tyrants who manned the loudspeaker, periodically denouncing the traffic jam in a particular aisle, applied their rules inconsistently.

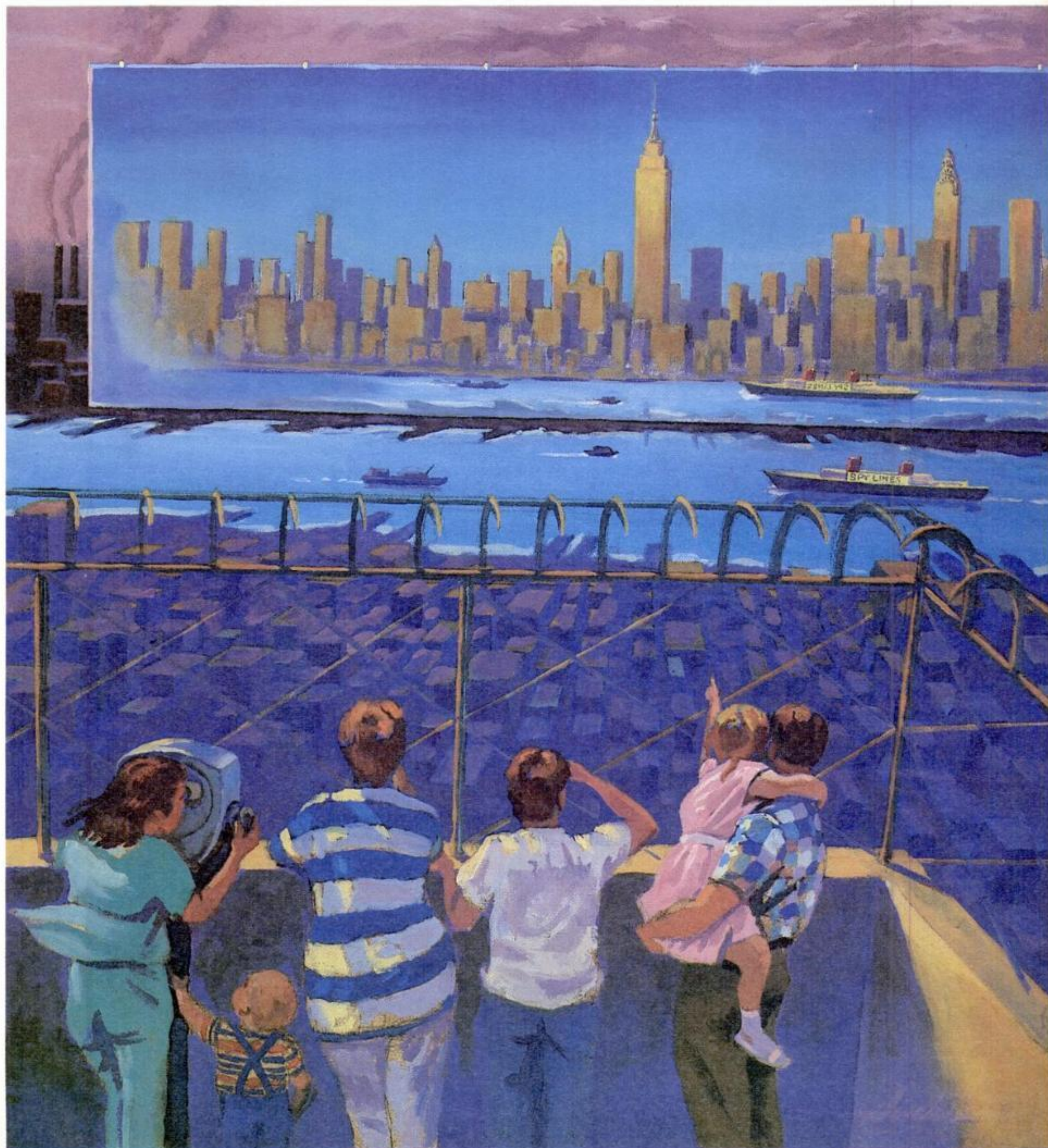
Justice, hot on the trail of solicitation, was ever blind to the higher art of pandering. ☺

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ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID DIRCKS



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Bryan Miller, New York Times—April 10, 1987

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Gael Green, New York Magazine—March 9, 1987

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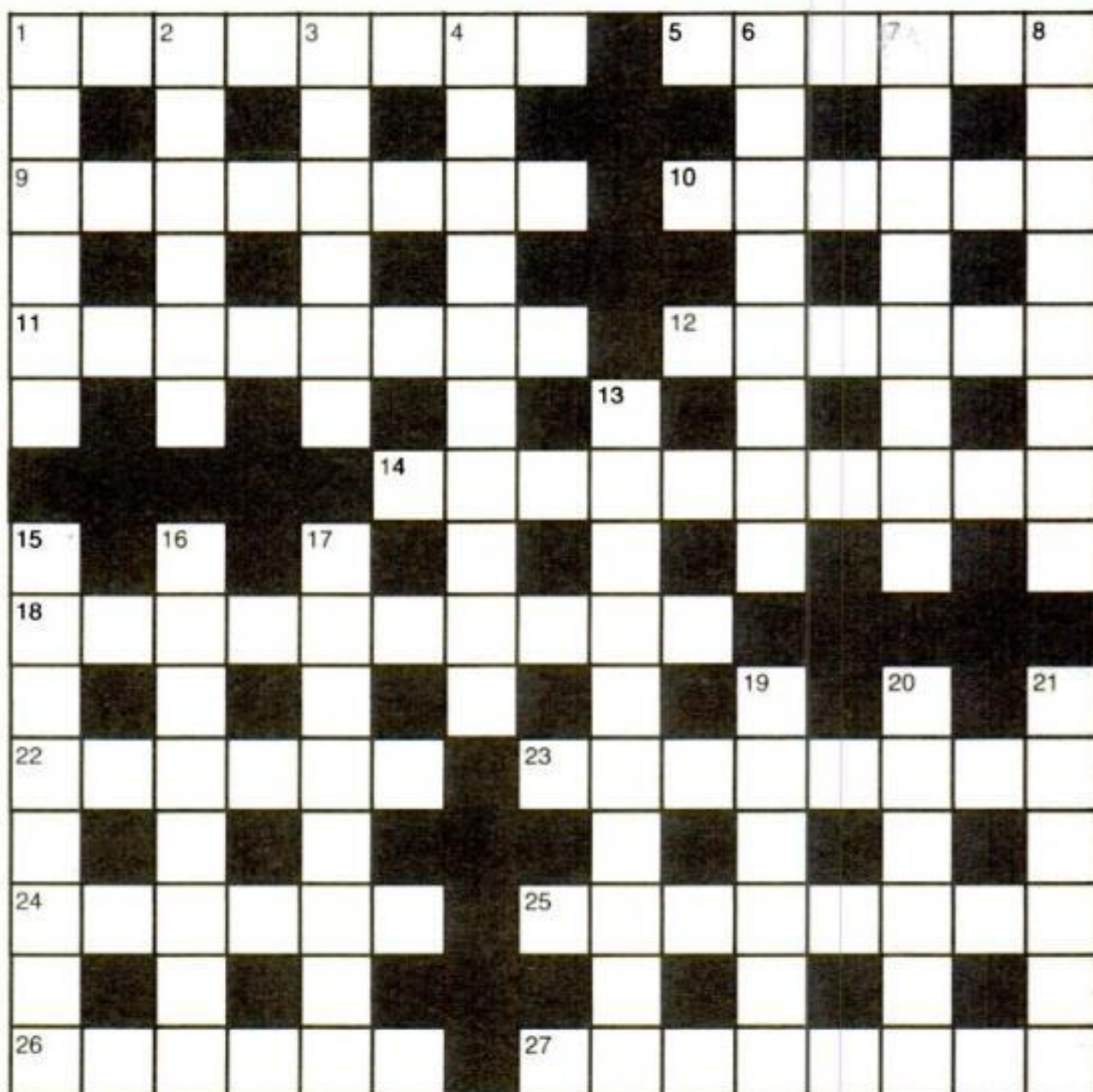
Sexism and Depravity Special

ACROSS

1. Auteur with cock on end had them all seeking this with a McDonald's item (goat's head for second thousand) (8).
5. "Exclude healthy lads? Well, so do my boys"—ascribed to Frederick the Great (6).
9. Done at athletic club, Eliot chews scenery (8).
10. Chaste elves' talented parts fall off (6).
11. Cinema company changed the response desired by sincere inviter (as opposed to one who 25's and could probably care less) (1,3,4).
12. Sausage-shaped goon cavorts with tops of loose bimbos (6).
14. Could be a gold digger (no doubt about it on distaff side) (10).
18. The most authentic swallowed lots (4,6).
22. Negative person from Muskogee is the only thing those who 25 care about (6) (variant spelling).
23. Bitch for whom America pulls (traditionally) (8).
24. Crazy Horse in Brit princess nearly to the end (6).
25. Will Gary Hart ever again do a Christine Jorgensen (8)?
26. Reagan, for example, and his former employer, a snore in non-gender-specific reebok backward (6).
27. Violations amount to nothing (with French fries), confusing sense (8).

DOWN

1. Met Wilson garnering low whiff that is close to 22 (6).
2. Exclamation, guffaw urging horse to go both ways (3,3).
3. Betrothed fellow with more energy would be bride (6).
4. Subconscious embosomed by bosom-buddy cow (10).
6. Malocclusion involving canines, but not something 23 has much chance to do (8).
7. Exits where birds do it (8).
8. Boola Beulah? She's a lock (4,4).
13. Dismounting is all those who 25 care about (7,3).
15. Vice getting tight (8).
16. Kansas swag goes with kit (8).
17. Kill half a fifth and mice climb inside your date (8).
19. Comes once a year to each of us with weird wang mixed up with Cummings (3,3).
20. Haskell and Murphy make little swirls (6).
21. Lady monster getting somewhere without Puerto Rican (6).



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



23 ACROSS

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 70.

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